THINGS SEEN IN CANADA

By J. E. RAY

Photo *Canadian Pacific Railway*

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Photo *C.P.Ry.*

LAKE O'HARA, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

A delightful expanse of quiet water situated in the heart of the mountains. It is a camping ground for mountaineers from the United States as well as from Eastern Canada.

THINGS SEEN IN CANADA

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE IN TOWN & COUNTRY
THE GLORIOUS SCENERY & BOUNDLESS
WEALTH OF THIS GREAT
DOMINION

BY

J. E. RAY
AUTHOR OF
"BRITISH COLUMBIA," "NEWFOUNDLAND,"
"CANADA," &c., &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

London
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Photo *C.P.Ry.*

REVERSING FALLS, ST. JOHN, N.B.

One of the curiosities of Canada is this double fall. It is described in the chapter on New Brunswick

Things Seen in Canada

CHAPTER I

OUR LARGEST DOMINION

IN describing Great Britain's largest Dominion as "Our Lady of the Snows," Kipling unintentionally created an impression that Canada, during the greater part of the year, was covered with a white mantle, rather than a green one. Those who have travelled through the country in spring, summer, and autumn know how picturesque is the scenery under the changing influence of each of the three seasons. The Annapolis Valley in the springtime (though sometimes the advent of spring is late) is as beautiful as the Vale of Evesham in May, and in the summer-time the trees and fields of Nova Scotia are no less green than the rural districts of England, whilst the colours of wayside and mountain in the autumn are even richer and more varied in many parts of the Dominion than they are in the heart of Wales.

Variety is a characteristic of the scenery. Travel from east to west under the guidance of one who is familiar with the location of the country's scenes,

and you shall behold pictures to equal the landscapes of England, the fiords of Norway, and the mountains of Switzerland. From the miniature landscape you may pass to scenes overwhelming in magnitude, grandeur, and colouring. Rivers, lakes, waterfalls, forests, green valleys, snow-capped mountain summits, glaciers, cañons, orchards, mile upon mile of golden grain—such are the things that successively attract the eye of the traveller as he moves from one side of Canada to the other. In our trip across the Dominion we shall linger over many scenes that would have called forth lyrics from Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson had they beheld them under Canada's clear blue sky, and in an air that is invigorating, pure, and dry.

To the sportsman, be he angler or hunter of big game, Canada is an El Dorado. In the solitary lands of the north the unwieldy musk-ox wanders ; in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains the grizzly bear is ready to put up a good fight with the hunter ; on the crags of the lofty ranges goats and mountain sheep are wily targets for the sportsman's gun ; whilst from east to west, and from north to south, the monster moose is found roaming in his wild secluded haunts. The caribou, red deer, stag, elk and antelope exist in certain areas of the Dominion, but they are scarcer now than they were years ago, and consequently the killing of them is restricted, or forbidden by law.

Game is abundant, including grouse, prairie fowl, geese, quail, ducks, curlew, snipe, woodcock, and

plover, and the North American hare has his warren in nearly every part of the Dominion.

So much has been written by anglers in praise of Canadian rivers and lakes, teeming as they are with various species of fish, that eulogy here seems superfluous. There are the tuna of the St. Lawrence Gulf, the salmon of the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, the brook and lake trout in many waters, the ouananiche of Lake St. John, in particular, the sporting maskinonge, the big denizens of the Big Lakes tributaries, and the bass and speckled trout of the western waters. Truly Canada is an endless source of delight to the angler who looks upon his art with Isaak Walton's eye.

The lover of mountaineering will find endless facilities for the gratification of his adventurous spirit in the Rocky Mountains. His ascents will be accompanied by scenery overwhelming in immensity, majesty, and beauty. Rivers, lakes, chasms, valleys, forests, and green fields pass before one's eyes, a succession of ever-changing delights. At sunrise; at sunset; in storm and in calm, the Range and the rolling lands at its feet furnish visions of magnificence that will never fade from the memory of the spectator.

The British-born traveller, as he passes through Canada from east to west, may be pardoned if he feels a wave of pride pass over him. It is good to belong to an Empire of which this wonderful Dominion is so important and so promising a part. Of its future no man dare hazard a forecast unless

he is prepared to risk a charge of exaggerated optimism. Optimism is in the blood of the people, and it becomes contagious before you have been in the country many days. They are conscious of immense natural wealth in forest and field, mountain and rock, river and sea, and they labour not only with a conviction of their future greatness, but also with a strong determination to achieve that greatness in the present century.

As there are millions of acres of land suitable for agricultural purposes, of which only a comparatively small proportion is now under cultivation, it is apparent that the country's facilities for the production of foodstuffs are immense. The mineral lands are enormous, and the majority of them still await development. Thousands of square miles of forests await the woodman's axe, the saws of the mills, and the rollers of the pulping plants which become more numerous every year. The population is still only one-tenth of what the country is capable of receiving.

In manufacturing industries astonishing progress has been made during the last two or three decades. That further progress must ensue is certain. Nature has provided illimitable water, and it is upon the development of hydro-electric power that Canada is concentrating, an invaluable asset in the production of manufactured articles at a low cost. From Niagara Falls electric energy is transmitted some hundreds of miles for the lighting of cities and the supply of power.

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

PART OF JASPER LODGE GOLF COURSE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Not only is the course well laid out, but it is situated at a considerable altitude in bracing air and amidst gorgeous scenery.

Every comfort is provided on the railways, and the hotels are thoroughly modern in all the big cities and towns from Halifax to Victoria. As you move across the country from province to province you reflect upon the early pioneers who set out to tame wild nature, to make the barren places habitable, and to link them together by means of highways and railways. As the locomotive pants through the great stretch of prairie lands from Winnipeg to Calgary, and on through gorge and tunnel, over the mountains and across rivers, you begin to appreciate the muscle, brain, and resolution that have been utilized in the construction of the trans-continental tracks extending three thousand miles across the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Of the Canadian people one cannot speak too highly. Always and everywhere they endeavour to give visitors a good time. They are generous, courteous, and genial withal. If they sometimes criticize the Mother Country, it is merely because they feel that the people of the old land have neglected them in the past, and have preferred rather to visit foreign countries in Europe than to spend a few weeks in " God's own country," under the British flag.

CHAPTER II

NOVA SCOTIA

IF the visitor to Canada is familiar with the early history of the country, it is with eagerness that he approaches the province of Nova Scotia wherein so many romantic and fascinating events took place more than three hundred years ago. After exploring the environs of the present city of Quebec in 1603, Samuel de Champlain returned to France to report the result of his discoveries. In the following year he accompanied Sieur de Monts on a second expedition to North America, with twenty artisans and a number of noblemen. They resolved to settle in a region called " Cadie " (Acadia, Nova Scotia), as de Monts thought Quebec too cold in the winter. Their voyage was a tempestuous one, and their vessel was nearly wrecked on Sable Island, which we pass on our way to Halifax Harbour.

From Sable Island, Champlain and his party sailed towards the south-east coast of Nova Scotia. At several landing-places en route, they observed numerous hares, sea-birds, cormorants, puffins, gulls, terns, guillemots, scissorbills, divers, buzzards, falcons, and ospreys, and also seals, which they called sea wolves. Many of these were killed to provide the expedition with food.

By permission *"Canada"*

CITY OF QUEBEC

The large building in the foreground is the Château Frontenac, one of the biggest and most imposing hotels of Canada. In the distance can be seen the St. Lawrence River.

After reaching the Bay of Fundy and exploring the land thereabout, they decided to settle on the harbour of St. John, New Brunswick. They passed the winter there, but as they suffered so badly from scurvy, a move was made in the spring to the opposite coast of Nova Scotia, and Port Royal (afterwards called Annapolis by the English) was chosen as a site for the settlement.

For many years afterwards, Port Royal was to be the scene of conflicts and battles between the French and English and Scotch for supremacy, and not until Wolfe's victory at Quebec in 1759 did those conflicts cease. In the meantime Champlain did his utmost to make a success of the settlement, aided by Lescarbot, an able lieutenant, who encouraged the colonists to sow wheat, rye, and barley, and to establish several industries on a small scale. Though there were naturally a number of recalcitrants in the settlement, on the whole they were happy and contented. On our way through Nova Scotia we shall visit Annapolis, the present name of Port Royal, and it will be an exercise for the imagination if we try to conjure up a picture of Champlain and those early French settlers at their revelries. The historic " Order of a Good Time " was founded by Champlain, the membership of which was composed of the fifteen leading men of Port Royal. On winter nights they met in a large hall wherein a huge log fire brightly burned. For one day, each member was in turn saluted by the rest as Grand Master in true Masonic style, such member being adorned with

an elaborate collar of office. It was the business of the honoured member to provide a dinner and entertainment. Wine was plentiful, in which the King of France was toasted, and, of course, the Grand Master and individual members. "At the right hand of the Grand Master sat the guest of honour, the wrinkled sagamore, an aged Indian chief, Membertou, his eyes gleaming with amusement as song, toast, and tale followed one another. On the floor squatted other Indians who joined in the gay revels. As a final item on the programme, the pipe of peace, with its huge lobster-like bowl, went round, and all smoked in turn until the tobacco in its fiery oven was exhausted. Then, and not till then, the long winter evening was over."

In 1621, this French land of Acadia began to witness the arrival of men from Scotland who desired to extend their own country's renown by founding a New Scotland over the sea, as Englishmen had founded a New England, and Spaniards a New Spain. Sir William Alexander was the pioneer adventurer, encouraged by a grant from James VI of Scotland "of lands lying between New England and Newfoundland, to be holden of us from our Kingdom of Scotland as a part thereof." Sir William lost a good deal of money in his experiments at colonization, as he found it almost impossible to persuade any number of his countrymen to settle in the new land across the Atlantic. Those who went out were unsuccessful. Where Sir William had failed, his son endeavoured to be successful.

He founded a small settlement on the shores of the Annapolis Basin, but the rigours of the winter and the opposition of the native Indians tested the settlers severely. However, his endeavours were more successful than those of his father, although they were brought to nought a few years later when, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, Nova Scotia and Canada were ceded to France by Charles I, an act of treachery that cost England dearly in men and money ere her supremacy was once again assured.

Into this historic territory of our great Dominion of Canada we enter by way of the magnificent Halifax Harbour (one of the finest in the world), wherein hundreds of the largest liners afloat could find ample accommodation. From the deck of our ship we are first attracted by the stone citadel known as the chief military headquarters of Nova Scotia for rather more than one hundred years. Passing down the placid water of the harbour, the north-west arm, the home of the yachts, canoes, and rowing boats, comes into view, followed by a gradual unfolding of the capital of the province, Halifax. Of this city, the writer has many happy memories, and if he should be found guilty of exaggerating its charms, the offence must be laid at the feet of the citizens who are the essence of courtesy, geniality, and generosity. If you inform these people that you are from the Old Country, and that you wish to see the places of beauty and interest, then, I am sure, you will not leave Halifax without carrying in your

memory delightful landscapes and seascapes, and in your heart a deep love of the many friends you have made.

Except that the city has a more commercial aspect to-day, life therein has changed little since Charles Dickens visited it many years ago. "I was dressing," he writes, "about half-past nine next day, when the noise above hurried me on deck. When I left it overnight it was dark, foggy, and damp, and there were bleak hills all round us. Now we were gliding down a smooth, broad stream, at the rate of eleven miles an hour; our colours flying gaily; our crew rigged out in their smartest clothes; our officers in uniforms again; the sun shining as on a brilliant April day in England, the land stretched out on either side, streaked with light patches of snow; white wooden houses; people at their doors; telegraphs working; flags hoisted; wharves appearing; ships; quays crowded with people; distant noises; shouts; men and boys running down steep places towards the pier; all more bright and gay and fresh to our unused eyes than words can paint them. We came to a wharf, paved with uplifted faces, got alongside and were made fast, after some shouting and straining of cables; darted, a score of us, along the gangway almost as soon as it was thrust out to meet us, and before it had reached the ship, and leaped upon the firm, glad earth.

"I suppose this Halifax would have appeared an Elysium though it had been a curiosity of ugly

Photo *C.P.Ry.*

SECTION OF MONTREAL, WITH MOUNT ROYAL IN THE BACKGROUND

It is upon this hill that the popular winter sports of the Montrealers take place.

dullness. But I carried away with me a most pleasant impression of the town and its inhabitants, and have preserved it to this hour. Nor was it without regret that I came home without having an opportunity of returning thither, and once more shaking hands with the friends I made that day.

"The town," he continues, "is built on the side of a hill, the highest point being commanded by a strong fortress, not yet quite finished. Several streets of good breadth and appearance extend from its summit to the water-side, and are intersected by cross streets running parallel with the river. The houses are chiefly of wood. The market is abundantly supplied; and provisions are exceedingly cheap. The weather being unusually mild at that time for the season of the year, there was no sleighing; but there were plenty of those vehicles in yards and by-places, and some of them, from the gorgeous quality of their decorations, might have 'gone on' without alteration as triumphal cars in a melodrama at Astley's. The day was uncommonly fine; the air bracing and healthful; the whole aspect of the town cheerful, thriving and industrious."

Since Dickens wrote the foregoing, handsome stone and brick buildings have been erected, a spacious cathedral (if not architecturally imposing), a fine University, stately technical school, post office, hotels, and shops, whilst a well-wooded and beautiful park is a delight to the traveller on a summer day.

No visitor should neglect the north-west arm of the harbour at sunset. Every evening in the summer and autumn Halifax society gathers for conviviality and small talk. Hundreds of canoes and boats glide over the expansive sheet of water, the dipping of the oars filling the air with rhythmic, musical sounds.

Excellent accommodation is procurable at the hotels at moderate charges.

From the capital we travel by rail to the bright little town of Windsor, the intellectual centre of the province. King's College, now transferred to Halifax and affiliated with Dalhousie University there, and a historic cottage impel one to visit this old town. The old college buildings must find you approaching the porticoes when the neighbouring woodlands are "mad with living green," and the Avon is at high-tide. The sight of students, with their splendid physique, served to illustrate Canada's buoyancy and optimism. The moral tone of the college was lofty. The ambition of the professors was to turn out not only intellectual young men, but young men of character also. Since the year of its charter by George III, in 1788, it has furnished Canada with many distinguished politicians, judges, lawyers, preachers, and professors.

Near the former college are a collegiate school for boys, and the Edgehill Seminary, an Anglican school for girls. In the suburbs are tastefully designed residences, each with a well-kept lawn extending from the front door to the edge of the pavement.

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

EMERALD LAKE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

As its name implies, this lake is popular by reason of its seductive greenish-coloured water, due to the reflection of the vegetation around it.

The aforementioned cottage, nestling in an avenue of elm trees, was at one time the home of Haliburton ("Sam Slick"), author of the well-known book *The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, a work which was very popular on both sides of the Atlantic in early Victorian days. So revered in America was Haliburton that his house became a sort of shrine to the Americans many years after the tenant's death.

The charms of Windsor call for a longer stay than is always possible. Moreover, the dear old village of Grand Pré pulls at the heart-strings, perchance you may see the sweet face of Evangeline, and hear the harmony proceeding from the anvil of Basil, the blacksmith. Alas! those creations of Longfellow, or, at any rate, the lovers who inspired the poem, are no longer in the flesh; nevertheless, they may be seen with the eyes and heard with the ears of one who tramps the marshes of Minas under the guidance of "fond imagination."

Stand upon the crest of the Horton Mountains, and you shall have your eyes captivated by landscapes as beautiful as any to be found in Canada. Before you are the verdant vales of the Gaspereaux and Cornwallis, and the majestic "blue crest" of Cape Blomidon, around which are woven many an Indian legend and many a superstition relating to the all-seeing eye of Glooscap, a tribal god.

It is difficult to believe that Longfellow never

visited the scene of his memorable poem, as his description of the district is so exact.

> Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
> Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number;
> Dykes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
> Shut out the turbulent waves; but at stated seasons the floodgates
> Opened and welcomed the sea, to wander at will o'er the meadows.
> West and south there were fields of flax and orchards and cornfields,
> Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
> Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
> Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
> Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

Historic associations cling to the soil upon which one treads. Battles were fought here between the Whites and the Indians, and between the men of New Scotland and the French.

In the Evangeline Memorial Park there is a replica of an eighteenth-century Norman Chapel, built by the descendants of the Acadians. It was in Nova Scotia, so it is recorded, that the Anglican Church of Canada was first established in 1710 by a certain Rev. John Harrison.

Attracted by the long stretch of trees, you ignore the train and tramp the sandy road from Grand Pré to Wolfville. (What is the peculiar quality in the Canadian air that makes one long to walk, and

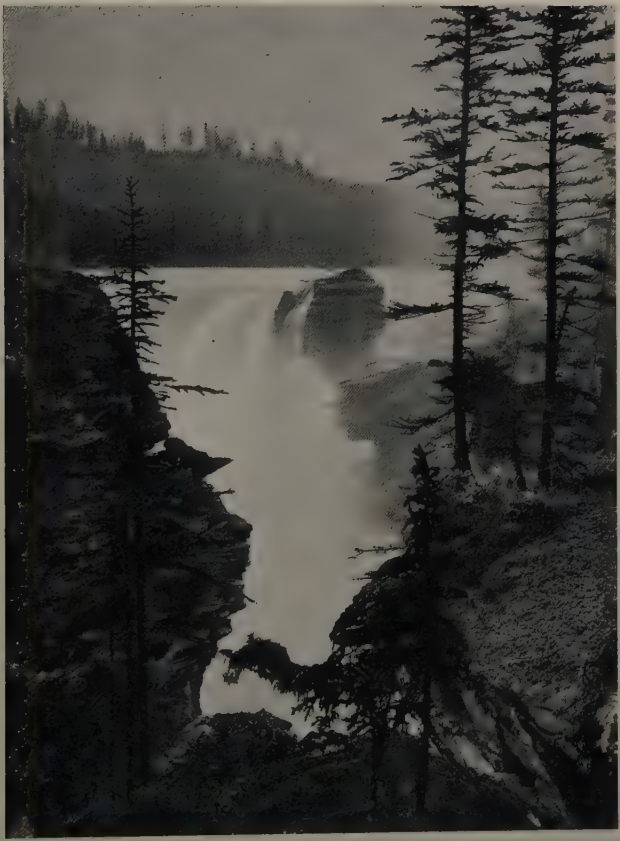

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

JOHNSON CAÑON, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

The water falls a great depth and on its journey flings up a fine network of spray.

walk ?) It is a never-to-be-forgotten tramp in autumn. Luscious fruit hangs from thousands of apple and peach trees. If you had been as fortunate as the writer was you might have heard one of the descendants of the old French pioneers singing in an orchard a song that must have come from France two centuries ago at least, and might have beheld humming birds flitting from tree to tree at eventide under a setting sun of gorgeous colourings.

From Wolfville to the next point of interest is but a short journey by train. It would be a novelty to reach it by ox-team (the ancient bovine method of road transport still exists), but somehow or other, one choses the orthodox vehicle and sits in the observation car to gaze at the miles of fruit trees through which the railway runs.

At Annapolis Royal one is in the heart of the Nova Scotian apple lands which stretch along the valley for seventy or eighty miles. In a bountiful season enormous quantities of apples are gathered and shipped from the province. Gorgeous are the leagues of blossom in springtime. Special trains are run from Halifax on "Apple-blossom Sunday," so that the Haligonians may feast for a few hours at Nature's table so attractively spread before them. Charming as are the blossoms in the spring, I prefer the valley at that season of the year when the sun-kissed fruit is mellowing upon the trees. My last visit was in the month of September. What a Paradise the whole country seemed ! In the near future I hope to return to it.

Romance crowds the historic roads and pasture lands. Here stand the remains of the first fort erected by white men in Canada, and the imagination is thrilled by many a picture of the white man's early struggles to found a colony in this section of the vast new world of Columbus. But a volume would be necessary were we to linger over the vicissitudes of old Port Royal alternating between French and English rule. From its foundation in 1605 it witnessed many changes and tragedies until the final banishment of the French on the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, in the year 1759.

To linger over the tragic and romantic careers of De la Tour, his wife, and Charnisay and his widow, would be interesting indeed; but are not their lives written in the books of history? To these the reader must turn.

On arriving at Digby, which "Sam Slick" called "the Brighton of Nova Scotia," one is impressed by the beauty of its woodlands and mountain. The chief feature of interest to the tourists who come in large numbers from the United States, is "The Gut," through which the tides of Fundy and the Annapolis Basin rush at a great speed. If the visitor is fortunate enough to reach the town when the cherries are ripe, he will be highly delighted with the cherry carnival held each year on the Bear River, a short sail from the Digby pier. Crowds of tourists gather every season to witness the picturesque procession and the aquatic sports which form a part of the carnival.

Photo *C.P.Ry.*

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

The harbour is extensive and furnishes Canada with a fine winter port, it being free from ice all the year round.

Sissibo Falls, a few miles from Weymouth, should not be neglected by the visitor to this corner of Nova Scotia.

Yarmouth may be profitably visited by those who are interested in shipbuilding, and those who are curious regarding the original white discoverers of America. In the Public Library are two Runic stones. One, known as the Fletcher stone, discovered on the beach of the Bay of Fundy, contains the following inscription: "Harkussen men varu" ("Harku's son addressed the men.") Historians have evidence that the Norsemen visited this district, Markland, as early as 1007, and in one of the sagas reference is made to a certain Harku who accompanied Karlsefne on his expedition in that year. The second stone, found in 1897, bears an inscription in characters similar to the former.

As a shipbuilding centre, the glory of Yarmouth has departed. The old "salts" loitering about the wharf will tell you of the days when the sails of Yarmouth were on every ocean. In fact, the builders of Nova Scotia were world-famed in Early Victorian days. It was Captain McKenzie, a Nova Scotian, who in 1850 took up the Clyde the largest vessel, 1500 tons, that had ever moved up that river. About half a century ago there were registered in Nova Scotia 3025 vessels, with a tonnage of 558,910 tons, a larger *per capita* fleet than any other country in the world. The sailing ships of Yarmouth represented the largest tonnage *per capita* of any port in the world. But iron and

steel intervened, the use of steam grew more common, and so the yards of Yarmouth and other ports of the province became fewer and fewer.

If time allowed, trips to Shelburne, associated with the history of the Loyalists, Lunenburg, and New Glasgow, would amply reward the visitor. As time is usually limited, however, the best use of it should be made by omitting the foregoing in order that a few days may be spent at the Bras d'Or Lakes where good fishing can be procured amidst quiet haunts and entrancing scenery.

By the old Intercolonial Railway (now incorporated in the National Railways) we reach the Strait of Canso which separates the southern portion of Nova Scotia from its northern territory, Cape Breton. One is astonished at the wonderful piece of mechanism designed to connect the two portions of the province by rail, as though no stretch of water intervened. The two sections of the train are shunted at Mulgrave on to the steamer *Scotia*, and in less than twenty minutes the rails on the ship and the main track are again united to enable us to pass on our journey.

In a short time we are running alongside the famous Bras d'Or Lakes which have an area of 450 square miles and a width ranging from one to eighteen miles. This expanse of salt water is surrounded by most majestic scenery extending from rugged rocks to the green summits of the hills. The waters are celebrated as a bathing and fishing

centre for American tourists seeking rest and a bracing air.

From the lakes we journey to the Sydneys, separated from the old colony (now a Dominion) of Newfoundland by the Cabot Strait which is about ninety miles wide from the railway terminus on the Canadian side to the terminus of the Reid Newfoundland Railway on the other side. A trip across Newfoundland was taken by the writer, and thoroughly enjoyed; but a description of it would be irrelevant in a book dealing with things seen in Canada only.

If one can resist the attractions of natural scenery for a spell, a counter-attraction is to be found at night-time in the artificial scenery of the huge iron and steel works of the Dominion Steel Corporation. Here where the Indians may have crouched in their tents to watch the brilliant displays of the Northern Lights are great furnaces from which tongues of flame leap into the air, lighting up the waters of the sea and the trees of the forest for miles around. It all seems so miraculous. But yesterday, and the white man was not; to-day he toils at the furnaces and in the mills. He charges the furnaces, and they yield hundreds of tons of pig-iron daily. So large are the works that they cover nearly 500 acres. So immense is the deposit of ore in Bell Island, from which the company draws its supplies, that geologists affirm that nearly thirty million tons are yet available without calculating the submarine

deposits. The Sydneys should certainly be visited by all who are interested in the wonderful works of man.

But this chapter must come to an end, as there are many things to see before we reach Vancouver Island on the other side of Canada. Much might be written of the excellent facilities there are for moose hunting, canoeing and fishing in Cape Breton. More might be penned regarding features of interest in New Glasgow, Pictou, Louisbourg, Truro, and Amherst, each of which towns has its peculiar characteristics, historic places, and alluring scenery.

As was said at the beginning, Nova Scotia is one of the most delightful provinces in the Dominion. Were it better known in Great Britain it would assuredly be visited by larger numbers in search of an ideal holiday. Those who visit Canada, in summer, usually take the St. Lawrence route, and so pass by this fertile land of the east. Yet it is less than six days' journey from Liverpool. Wise will be the man who, seeking quiet places, restful scenery, placid waters, bracing air, and endless sport, packs up his old kit-bag and boards the steamer bound for New Caledonia.

Photo *C N Ry.*

MOUNT ROBSON, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

This is the loftiest peak in the Rockies, being 13,000 feet in height.

CHAPTER III

NEW BRUNSWICK

IT is an interesting speculation whether fact or tradition is the more prominent in the chronicles of the discovery of the New World, especially the northern half of it. It may be that the old navigators and explorers, most of whom were Roman Catholics, contrived to moor their ships alongside some newly discovered land on the day commemorative of St. John the Baptist, believing that the venerated saint would reciprocate by blessing and prospering the enterprises of his devotees. St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, it is recorded, was so named because John Cabot landed there on June 24th, 1497. Champlain and de Monts, as mentioned in the previous chapter, visited the harbour in the Bay of Fundy on the shore of which now stands the city of St. John, on June 24th, 1604, a year after the founding of Quebec. It is written that these French adventurers found a settlement of Micmac Indians on this shore of the Bay of Fundy, which is probable, as descendants of that tribe can be seen as one passes through parts of the province.

Unfortunately, New Brunswick, like Nova Scotia, has been somewhat handicapped by its geographical

position. The tide of immigrants and visitors from Europe almost invariably take the summer route to the Dominion by way of the Gulf of St. Lawrence ; consequently they merely catch sight of a portion of the province's shore as the steamer goes up-stream towards the city of Quebec. In many counties of the province there are romantic and historic associations far too interesting to be ignored by the tourist. Was it not in the harbour of St. John that nearly ten thousand United Empire Loyalists landed in 1783, determined not to sever their bonds with the Mother Country, or renounce their oath of allegiance to the King ? Some of the historic places we shall visit in the course of our journey through this maritime province of Canada.

New Brunswick is the largest of the three maritime provinces. It has an extensive and indented coast-line, a gift of nature which confers upon the people a source of revenue in the fisheries attached thereto.

The population is under four hundred thousand. Its annual growth during the last two or three decades has been slow in comparison with that of most of the other provinces. Efforts are being made to develop the country, which has a delightful climate and extensive natural resources, a fertile soil, and rich pasture lands.

If, after a tour of Nova Scotia, the traveller should find himself in the vicinity of Digby, he will naturally cross the Bay of Fundy and begin his

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

STONEY LAKE, ONTARIO

A popular pleasure resort in favour with anglers. It is situated in the Karwartha Lakes district.

tour of the province of New Brunswick at St. John. In the environs of the city he will meet many objects of interest, and from the harbour he will be able to see a few exceptional seascapes.

An outstanding phenomenon is the Reversing Falls. From the suspension-bridge across the river this curiosity of nature may be observed if one stays long enough for the turn of the tide. Near the bridge, the river narrows to a deep and rocky gorge, whilst above the gorge the river spreads out into a wide basin. The tide, rushing in from the sea, creates a rapid through the gorge until it rises to the level of the basin. As the tide recedes, the river's accumulated water rushes back through the gorge, in the process of which it forms a considerable whirlpool, called locally " the falls."

The city has many historic spots, although some of the stories connected with them may not be founded on fact. However, one does not approach them in a hypercritical mood, for is there not something fascinating about places with an atmosphere of half-truth and half-legend ? We are shown the spot on which once stood a fort taken by one of Cromwell's forces in 1654. Lapping the city's feet is the spacious harbour in which, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, naval encounters took place between the English and the French. On the site of the city, poor La Tour, what time Milton was writing his *Paradise Lost*, came into conflict with his rival and enemy, Charnisay. In fancy we can see him crossing the Bay of Fundy from St. John to

make an attack on Charnisay at Port Royal, and we can see him driven back and captured, with his bride, after putting up a good fight against his rival. No man had a more valiant wife than La Tour. While he was absent from the fort in St. John, Charnisay mustered all his vessels and men, and laid siege to the fort. The resistance of Madame La Tour astounded the attackers. Had it not been for a "mercenary Swiss" who betrayed her, the fort would have held out, but, acting on news received from the said traitor, Charnisay offered terms if the fort were surrendered. Madame La Tour accepted the terms, believing that it was wise not to risk the lives of her depleted garrison, and that her conqueror would faithfully carry out the terms of his agreement. Charnisay broke his pledge and hanged all the defenders. He also compelled Madame La Tour to stand by with a rope round her neck to witness the execution of the small and gallant band of men who had helped her to defend the fort. The tragedy was such a shock to the brave woman that she died a prisoner a few weeks after the executions. It is hard to believe that a man could act so basely as did Charnisay. No name in Canadian history is more detested than his. He stands out as an exception among the French soldiers in Canadian history, who were, speaking generally, gallant and honourable gentlemen.

It is a painful incident in the annals of the struggle for supremacy between rival Frenchmen in Acadia, but one finds it interesting to depict the scene when

standing in St. John near the site of the fort. One can imagine the traitor Charnisay sailing across the bay with La Tour's jewels, plate, furniture, and goods valued at ten thousand pounds, and one can see the unfortunate La Tour returning to St. John to behold his fort razed, and to learn of the death of his valiant and beloved wife.

St. John has many wide and well-kept streets. At night-time it is brilliantly lighted by electricity. There are excellent hotels with ample accommodation, and an exceptional cuisine can be relied upon at each of them. Travellers from Europe, entering Canada from November to April, usually spend a day or two here before leaving for the interior, for St. John, like Halifax, is a winter port with one of the world's finest harbours wherein shipping moves freely when the St. Lawrence is blocked with ice.

In the suburbs, where dwell the wealthier citizens, one is impressed by the architecture of the houses and the neatly trimmed lawns sloping to the borders of the streets. Avenues of trees are plentiful; their foliage in early summer is a delight to the eye.

Fort Howe Hill is within easy reach of the city. From the ruins of an old fort on its summit, a splendid view of the surrounding country and the harbour can be obtained. The wharves of the harbour are a veritable hive of activity, especially in the winter, when their capacity is heavily taxed by the ingress and egress of all kinds of merchandise. Towering above the warehouses are the huge

elevators wherein so much of Canada's grain is stored previous to exportation.

A pleasant voyage by steamer may be made from St. John to St. Andrews, and a restful trip can be taken along the St. Croix River, so popular on account of its picturesqueness. St. Andrews is situated on a peninsula between Passamaquoddy Bay and the St. Croix River. It is a summer resort where sea-bathing and fishing can be enjoyed to the fullest extent. A splendid view of the harbour, its environs, and the State of Maine, U.S.A., are obtainable from the Chamcook Mountain, about four miles from the centre of the town.

The trip up the St. Croix River introduces us to the site of the first settlement, by de Monts and Champlain, in Acadia, on Doucet's Island, as referred to in the chapter on Nova Scotia. A lighthouse now stands near the spot upon which were erected the two batteries and the wooden dwellings of the Frenchmen before disease forced them to abandon the site and to cross over to Port Royal on the other side of the bay.

From St. John to the provincial capital, Fredericton, a delightful journey is possible along the St. John River. At the beginning of the excursion, the boat passes through a rocky gorge into a broad water dotted with small islands. The river takes many turns in its course, each of which reveals some peculiar charm of nature. Quiet and peaceful is the riverside country with its grazing cattle and its flocks of snow-white sheep.

Photo *C.P.Ry.*

YONGE STREET, TORONTO

One of the most important business streets in the city. Observe the altitude of the blocks of buildings similar to those in the United States.

The preliminary view of Fredericton is full of the promise of peace in the heart of beautiful scenery. Stately elms lift their heads towards the spacious blue of the sky. In the midst of a group of such trees nestles a picturesque Gothic cathedral. Not far away are the Legislative Buildings, and the University of New Brunswick, wherein so many well-known Canadians received their education in youth. The latter is situated on the wooded heights that crown the northern fringe of the city.

At Fredericton the hunter and the angler, if so disposed, can arrange excursions into dense forests and along broad rivers, for moose, deer, and bears in the remoter regions, whilst salmon and trout are abundant, and provide excellent days of sport to the fisherman who appreciates a tussle with his opponent. Smaller game in plenty are the raccoon, wolverine, marten, mink, otter, beaver, lynx, and squirrel. Hares move about in every part of the province.

The feathered game includes wild geese, wild duck, grouse, curlew, plover, snipe, the great northern diver, eagles, hawks, and owls. In fact there are nearly two hundred species of birds in the woods and the country-side.

Moose hunting is by far the most enjoyable sport for the gun. No little knowledge is required to tempt them from their haunts in the forest. Their senses of hearing and of smell are very acute. A device known as " calling " is often adopted by the trained guide to lure the moose within range of the gun. The " call " is emitted from a birch-bark

horn. The sound so closely resembles the call of the cow that the bull is deceived thereby, and so approaches within range of the unsuspected hunter's gun. "Still hunting" (stalking) during the proper season is legal, and is generally adopted. The season for moose hunting in New Brunswick is from October 1 to November 30. Snow is very little impediment to the animal. "Poachers" in the English sense are unknown. Warders are appointed by the State to protect females, too young animals, animals killed in excess of the number allowed by the licence of each hunter or out of the season, or those—such as caribou—which are protected entirely.

The most popular regions for moose and caribou hunting in the province are the Nipisiquit district, the territory to the east of Bathurst, the Miramichi Valley, and the Restigouche country.

Although several rivers in Eastern Canada are stocked with salmon, the angler need proceed no farther westward than New Brunswick. The three great northern streams, the Metapedia, the Restigouche, and the Miramichi afford endless sport. The casting of the fly is never a futile labour, and the fish landed are not only beautiful in colour, but are also a surprise in size. They are never weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Passing on to the landscapes of the north-eastern part of the province we arrive at the marshes of Tantramar, which remind one so much of a Dutch painting descriptive of scenery in Holland. One

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

LAKE OF THE BAYS

This lovely lake, now a favourite summer holiday resort, was once the hunting ground of the famous Indian chief Begwin.

can fully appreciate the verses drawn by such scenery from the Canadian poet, C. G. D. Roberts :

> Yonder lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
> Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy, and dim,
> Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
> Save for outlying heights,—
> Miles on miles outrolled, and the river channels divide them,—
> Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling gusts.

Farther on is one of the world's wonders, a similar phenomenon being found in other parts of the earth. It is known as the Moncton Bore, a tidal action connected with the inrush of the Peticodiac River. The writer once sat a few hours on the banks of the river to await this remarkable scampering of an enormous volume of water which takes place in a brief span of time.

From Moncton the traveller should journey on towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence in order to see the rugged coast of Gaspé Basin. Along that coast one may catch a glimpse of many bays, beaches, and solitary marshes, hills, cliffs, and sturdy rocks peering out of the gulf, whilst thousands of birds flit from crag to crag, and many a white sail moves rhythmically out at sea. It was in this region that Jacques Cartier landed centuries ago and found the place so hot that he named it La Baie de Chaleur.

At Percé, not very far distant, across the Baie de Chaleur, is the famous Percé Rock, 300 feet high and 1500 feet long, with its tunnel 50 feet in height.

It is a wonderful piece of architecture formed by the chisel of the sea-god. Into countless forms it has been cut—the labour of how many ages no man can tell. It is a refuge for the sea-birds, and becomes an entrancing haunt of romance on a moonlight night when a few weird cries of sleepless seafowl rise from its crannies.

The hamlet of Percé-by-the-Sea is a quaint, dreamy spot wherein to spend a few hours on a summer's night. The people live quiet, uneventful lives. The hustling spirit of the North American cities has not penetrated this secluded hamlet, and if it were to intrude, it could not but disturb the peace and happiness that they at present enjoy. Even the long winter nights are made joyous by social intercourse, and the telling of sea stories and forest legends. Nightly they sleep within sound of the roaring sea, and I doubt not that its music is dearer to them than all the strings and brass of night-life in the big centres of revelry and mirth.

Farther on is the glorious Gaspé Basin sheltered by an enormous promontory that juts into the Atlantic. Tradition states that the Vikings came here a thousand years ago to fish in the well-stocked waters. Its rugged grandeur amply repays the tourist who can spare the time to visit this lonely outpost. There is much to interest one in both houses and churches. Seafaring Jerseymen came here centuries ago. In the Anglican Church is a huge table of stone, brought from Jersey, and on it are inscribed the Ten Commandments. In One Ash

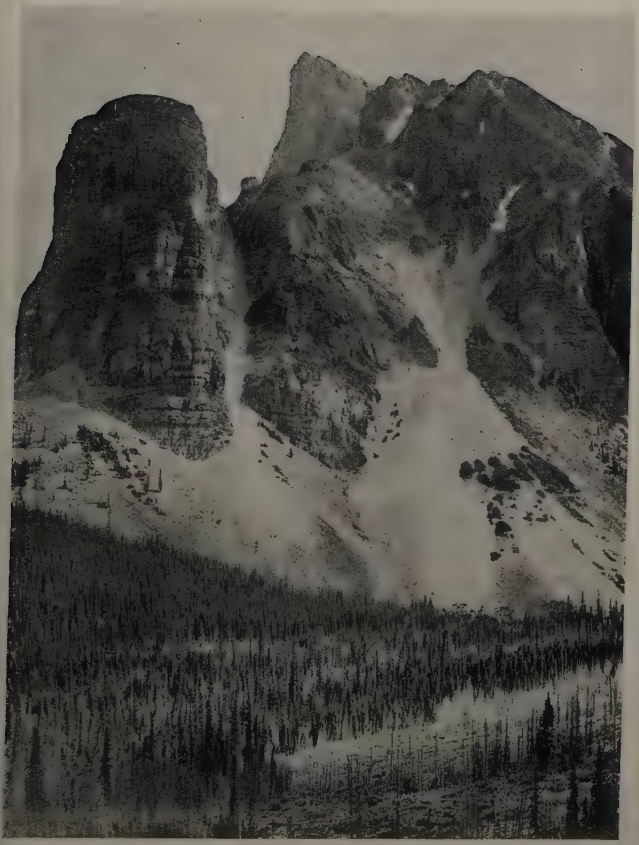

Photo *C. P. Ry.*

THE TOWER OF BABEL, NEAR LAKE LOUISE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Its chief feature is its ruggedness. It is practically treeless, but from its sides may be seen a vast expanse of green fir trees.

House may be seen some fine mahogany wainscoting carved by an unknown hand out of the timbers of a wrecked schooner. At the pleasantly situated hotel, anglers gather in the season in order to undertake salmon fishing expeditions along the well-known rivers in the vicinity.

CHAPTER IV

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

AS this is the smallest of the Canadian provinces, and as it lies off the track of the main Atlantic courses, the one to Montreal, and the other to Halifax, it is overlooked by British tourists and business men visiting the Dominion; consequently its scenery is not so well known as that of Quebec, Ontario, and the Rocky Mountains region. Its popular title, "The Garden of Canada," is apt. As far back as the sixteenth century, Jacques Cartier, the Breton explorer, when he first beheld the country, described it as "the most beautiful it is possible to see, full of lovely trees and meadows, of peas, white and red gooseberries, strawberries, blackberries, and wild grain like rye," and possessing "the best temperature it is possible to have."

The island was first settled by French immigrants in 1663, although it was not until one hundred years later that appreciable development set in. In 1755 many of the Acadians trekked from Grand Pré to the island. They at once began to cultivate the rich soil, and to raise farm stock. Since that time the main pursuits of the people have been agricultural.

By permission *Canadian Govt.*

PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA

The Federal Parliament Buildings may be seen on the right surrounded by trees of luxuriant foliage.

Progress has not been so marked as in the West; nevertheless, the value of the field crops, live stock, butter, and cheese, is surprising for a province so small.

The breeding of silver foxes is of comparatively recent origin. At the present time there are more than twelve thousand foxes in captivity. They command a high price for breeding purposes, whilst their furs are the most costly of their kind in the world. Large sums of money are invested in the industry.

In the summer-time, the island's cultivated acres, small fields, diminutive hills and streams, might easily persuade the visitor, did he not know otherwise, that he was travelling through parts of rural England. The verdant grasses, the stately trees, the rutted lanes, the little hamlets and the workers in the fields, are akin to the characteristics of rustic life and scenery in Warwickshire and Worcestershire, except that one misses the hedgerows, and sees timber houses substituted for the English stone and brick structures. Clover flourishes, the hay harvests are abundant, cattle are plentiful, and fat withal, Clydesdales are a speciality, whilst the butter and cheese produced at the many small country factories enjoy a reputation not confined either to the province or to the Dominion.

The length of the island does not exceed one hundred and forty-five miles, its breadth being from two to thirty-four miles. On several parts of the coast there are fine bays and estuaries which

pierce the land so deeply as narrowly to escape converting the province into three islands. The surface is level mainly, although there are sections of undulating land. A small chain of hills extends from north to south in the heart of the country, but the highest point does not rise more than three hundred feet above sea-level.

The inhabitants are domiciled in the rural districts and along the shores. The latter are washed by waters that have enabled the people to contribute in no small measure to the total wealth of the Canadian fisheries.

The writer, during his tours of the island, has always been impressed by the fertility of the soil and the extent to which it has been cultivated. Indeed, it is regarded as "the most thoroughly cultivated soil on the American continent." There are over fourteen thousand farms, and more than 80 per cent of the people are engaged in some branch of the agricultural industry. A drive through the fertile farm lands, their rich, red soil mingling with the emerald of the grasses and springing corn, presents us with a scene suggestive of beauty in partnership with peace and plenty.

The island is reached by means of a car-ferry running across Northumberland Strait from Cape Tormentine, in New Brunswick. From Borden, the small and modern Canadian National Railway terminal, the train conveys us to Charlottetown, the capital of the province. The city is small, but it is thoroughly modern. The streets are wide,

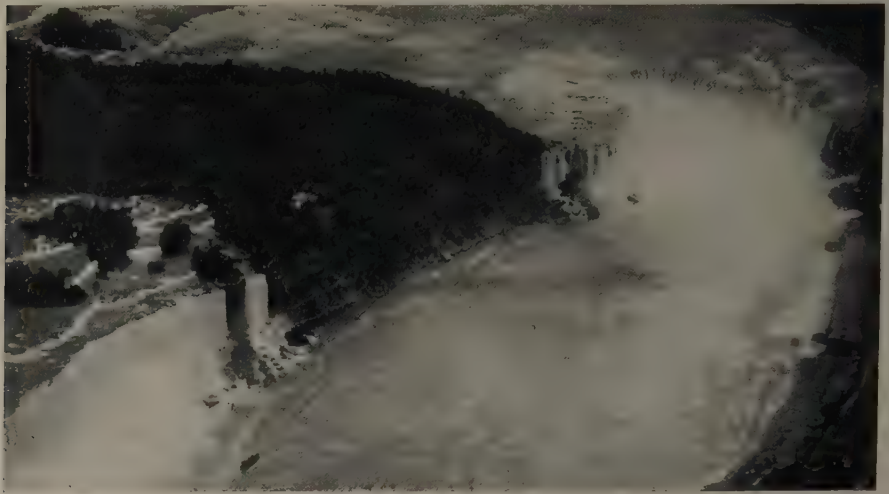

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

NIAGARA FALLS

The American fall on the left of the picture has a drop of 160 feet ; the Canadian or Horse-shoe fall on the right, a drop of 158 feet. Of the total volume of water, 93 per cent flows over the Canadian fall.

clean, and flanked with trees of exceptional girth and luxuriant foliage. There are imposing public buildings, and several churches tastefully designed architecturally. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is an attractive and substantial structure. Victoria Park, in proximity to the city, is known for its natural beauty, and it is a popular resort in the summer-time. The residences in the suburbs suggest peace and contentment, especially in the cool summer evenings when the occupants are seated on their verandahs, before which extend well-trimmed lawns and pretty gardens.

The Parliament Buildings are solidly constructed, and their design never fails to please the eye from whatever angle we may view the structure. Government House is typical of similar mansions in eastern Canada, built in what is called the Old Colonial style of architecture. The Prince of Wales College, which is the chief centre of the province's educational system, looks rather severe externally, particularly when contrasted with the Roman Catholic College overlooking the harbour.

Exceptionally fine golf links are situated at Belvedere, a short distance from the city.

In order to see as much of this "Garden of Canada" as the limited time of a visitor will permit, one cannot do better than arrange a few motor trips from the hotel in Charlottetown. From the capital to Summerside, the second town of importance in the province, is a run of about thirty-eight miles. The route passes through pasture lands and

wooded lanes with occasional glimpses of the sea on the left. From a hill on the fringe of Summerside a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained, as well as picturesque views of Bedeque Bay and Northumberland Strait.

A second trip may be made to Tignish, a distance of fifty miles from Charlottetown. The country traversed is picturesque and peaceful. The journey affords an opportunity of seeing something of the life of the farmers and the agricultural methods adopted. It is always interesting to spend half an hour at the various cheese and butter factories *en route*.

A third run of exceptional interest is to Murray Harbour through many a green and shady avenue of trees. Restful land and sea scenery are among the delights of this trip, with an opportunity of studying the island's fishing industry at the end of the journey. The tourist will also traverse an agricultural district which is second to none in the province.

The people of the island are exceptionally hospitable, and the visitor who mingles with them will return to his native land carrying in his memory happy recollections of their generosity, whilst reflection at the fireside at home in after years will call to mind many a scene of beauty set in the quiet places of the island.

CHAPTER V

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

ONE of the little-known beauty spots of Canada to which few holiday seekers go, even the Canadian-born, lies in the middle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, fifty or sixty miles north-east of Prince Edward Island, and one hundred miles westward of the old Dominion of Newfoundland. It consists of thirteen rocky islands, with a population of a few thousands, called the Magdalens. As they are situated on one of the most fertile of the fishing-grounds of the eastern seaboard, it is only natural that they should attract a small colony of fishermen who appear to be prosperous and happy in this lonely oceanic spot continually swept on every side by the wild surf of the Atlantic. At one time the islands were part of the domain of Newfoundland, but for many decades past they have been attached to the Province of Quebec, in the Legislature of which they have their own chosen representative.

In the early history of Canada the Magdalens figured prominently. France and England grasped their significance as a fishing centre and a strategical point in the Gulf. We find them frequently serving as pawns in treaties and conventions between the

two rival powers, and it was not until 1763 that France ceded them to England. Up to that year, each country in turn had found them a by no means negligible commercial asset. The French fishermen, in the time of Louis XV, visited them during certain months of the year, carried back their cargoes of fish, and wintered in France until the advent of the succeeding fishing season. No permanent residence on any of the islands took place until they were finally ceded to the English.

In 1798 they were given by George III, acting on the advice of Lord Dorchester, to an admiral, Sir Isaac Coffin, in recognition of his gallantry in defending North America from invasion. The grant contained specific reservations: they were to remain British, and subjects of the King were to be allowed to fish freely in the surrounding waters.

The first settlers were a few families of exiled Acadians. So great was the freedom they enjoyed that in a few years their numbers increased to several hundred families. Being so far removed from the mainland, and especially from the land under whose laws they lived, there was a temptation to evade the law and their obligations to the owner of the lands. The latter experienced much difficulty from time to time in collecting his rents. As one might expect, human nature being what it is, the proprietor charged for lots of beach-lands needed by the fishermen for curing their fish, rents which were considered to be exorbitant. The result

was that many holders of land paid just what amount they felt inclined to, and remitted their payments only when they were in the humour so to do. Many lawsuits ensued before the settlers (who doubtless thought that as "squatters" they were entitled to their bits of land free of cost) recognized their legal responsibility to the owner of the islands. The Coffin family have sold the majority, if not all, of their rights, and doubtless they will be glad to be rid of an estate that has entailed so much trouble and expense to maintain.

The islands can be reached from the Nova Scotian coast. A small steamer runs from Pictou two or three times a week to carry letters and parcels to the isolated population. The route becomes dangerous as the ship draws near to Entry Island. When the tide is low, navigation is not so risky, but at high tide only experienced seamen can steer among the islands, for there are many dangerous connecting bars of sand, sunken reefs, and morasses. The Atlantic can be fierce at times, too. One may observe huge waves breaking on the shores with great force, scattering their spray high up the weather-torn cliffs and massive jutting rocks.

Amherst Island has a wild grandeur. In wintertime it must be lonelier thereon than a desert. Its length is about twenty-five miles, but the width of it is only two or three miles. Demoiselle Hill stands out prominently, affording from its summit a pleasant view of the sea dotted with the white sails of the fishermen's schooners. Small cottages are

numerous in the fishing hamlet, and fish-curing flakes are erected near the shore for the purpose of drying the shoals of cod caught in the surrounding sea.

At low tide it is possible to drive in a charette from Amherst among the entire group of islands, as they are connected by sandbars. If the drive be hazardous (there are quicksands known only to the experienced driver), it is enjoyable by reason of its novelty and the existence, on either side of one, of pretty sea mosses and quaint seashells of many kinds.

If time can be spared to chat with the old grey-beards of the sea, many a harassing tale will be heard. In the past, shipwrecks have been numerous, some of them pitiable in character. Sixty years ago an immigrant ship was wrecked near East Cape. No less than three hundred and fifty of the six hundred and seventy passengers on board were drowned. The bones of the majority of them lie buried in the sand.

The names of some of the islands are sufficiently gruesome to indicate the wild nature of the whole group : Grindstone, Wolfe, Deadman's, and Coffin. The inhabitants seem happy enough, however, having doubtless become accustomed to their stormy habitation, the long winter nights, and the perilous nature of their avocation on the sea.

The chief interest of the Magdalens is the celebrated Bird Rocks. Great Bird and Little Bird islands have been famous since the days when

Cartier and Champlain visited them. Cartier, in the report of his visit, stated that "the rocks were covered with more birds than a meadow with grass." Champlain wrote that "vessels sailing by the islands send their boats ashore in calm weather, and a great number of birds are killed with sticks. They are as large as geese. Their beaks are very dangerous. They are perfectly white, with the exception of the tip of the wings, which is black. They are very expert in catching fish, which they carry on their wings to the top of the islands where they eat them." To-day one may observe among the millions of the feathered colony, gulls and auks, kittiwakes and gannets, and various kinds of water-fowl.

Some years ago the Canadian Government erected a lighthouse to aid the mariners who navigate the surrounding gulf. It is a lonely spot for the keeper, and there is no rush of applicants for the post whenever it becomes vacant. Peter Boureq held the position for twenty-eight years. Here he lived in isolation with his family. Through solitariness two of his predecessors had gone insane, so Peter took care to entertain his family by means of daily study, music, games, and reading. After so long a time in loneliness, he resigned, and sent in a request to be relieved as soon as possible. But two years in succession, when the annual supply ship called at the lighthouse, he was informed that no candidates had come forward to take his place, so that he was forced to remain at his post for another year.

Whilst it is not possible to grow wheat satisfactorily on the islands, vegetables of all kinds are grown, and among the green pastures inland one can observe cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, and poultry.

CHAPTER VI

QUEBEC

WHAT traveller, who has stood on the deck of a "liner" as she steamed along the Gulf of St. Lawrence from Belle Isle to Quebec, can say that his heart never felt a thrill as he approached the gaunt, historic rock on which the city is built? How active becomes the imagination as the eye roams from point to point of this city set on a hill of rock impregnable! How strangely does the atmosphere of one's entire surroundings contrast with that of the modern and hustling English-speaking cities farther west and south! Are we not on the fringe of the New World? Do we not anticipate in the people and their habitations something quasi-American—perpetual movement—an absence of romance and poetry? Yet here we are among such people as might be living in an old town of France two centuries gone, were it not for the promptings of the calendar which inform us otherwise. Such streets and houses, customs and speech were in the Gallic life of generations past.

Yes, the ancient city of Quebec is still in possession of the charm of France such as it must have been more than a century ago in the Roman Catholic

seats of learning. You may approach it by rail if, after roaming through Prince Edward Island and the Magdalens, you return to the coast of New Brunswick. Always the sea route for me, however. The deck of a "liner" is the Olivet upon which I would stand to receive the unforgettable vision of dear old Quebec. And the hour of my approach should be at sunset when a mysterious light falls upon tower, and terrace, and tree, transforming the whole scene into one of those fairy lands of the imagination which fade away with the dream that gives them birth.

As the "liner" draws nearer and nearer to the landing-stage, if you have read anything about Quebec, the buildings gradually become detached, and one by one their names dawn upon you. There are the Seminary and Laval University, the Post Office, Champlain's Monument, the long sweep of Dufferin Terrace, the high-storied Château Frontenac, the Wolfe-Montcalm monument, with the Citadel rising above them all.

Fortunate is the visitor who makes his first acquaintance with the streets of the city on a Saint's day. The procession of priests and acolytes with crosses and tapers is most impressive. The people have not lost the attribute of reverence. They fall upon their knees in the street as the benignant priests pass by. There is a religious atmosphere about one that cannot be met with in any other city on the continent of North America.

Quebec remembers its dead, too. In various parts

Photo *C.P.Ry.*

CONSOLATION LAKE, NEAR LAKE LOUISE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Celebrated for its seclusion in the midst of lovely scenery. The mountains and trees reflected in the calm clear water form a most charming picture.

of the city are erected monuments and effigies of the great ones in the history of the North American continent, both French and English, such as Laval, Frontenac, Cartier, and others equally well known. In such an environment the past is blended with the present—the living with the dead.

Laval University and the Seminary form a historic group of buildings. Standing near them one is suffused with the joyous emotion experienced by those who love ancient edifices that have been devoted to religion and learning. The oldest, erected in 1663, was later burnt. The first Bishop of Quebec, François de Montmorency Laval, founded the Seminary which comprises two sections, the Great and the Minor, the former being used for the education of priests, and the latter for the education of boys. The University emanated from the Seminary in 1857. It has Faculties of Arts, Law, Theology, and Medicine, and is "consecrated solemnly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

The chapel and convent of the Ursulines should be visited. Some transformation of the former has taken place in recent years, but much of its ancient glory remains. Under the old roof lay the dust and bones of Montcalm. Only his skull is preserved now, and the visitor who cares for such gruesome sights may see in a glass case this tenement of a brain that once glowed with an intelligence highly appreciated in France. There are to be seen here, also, some excellent ornamentation, a decorated

colonnade, an elaborately carved pulpit, and bas-reliefs of interest on the sanctuary door panels and at the feet of the columns.

To the quaint, historic village of Sillery, the visitor, while in Quebec, should not fail to take an early morning trip. Almost concealed among trees stands the Sillery Mansion, probably the oldest dwelling in the Dominion. Within its walls have trodden the feet of many famous Frenchmen.

Quite early in the seventeenth century a mission was established near the St. Lawrence by the Jesuit Father Lalemont whose pioneer labours were made successful by the Commandeur de Sillery's gift of twelve thousand livres. The site chosen was the spot whereon now stands Sillery, named after the Jesuit Father's benefactor. Numerous battles were fought here between the early French settlers and the red men. Many a council, too, was held under the roof of this thickly walled mansion to settle disputes between the white men and the Indians, and between one French trader and another. In imagination one can hear the prayers and chants of the holy men who first dwelt therein. It seems a pity that in this historic house the voices of the traders should now be heard.

From Sillery a tramp may be taken along the coastline to Wolfe's Cove and the narrow path up which the British army stealthily crept at night and surprised the unsuspecting French warrior, Montcalm, at dawn. A short distance beyond the pathway is the historic battlefield, called the Plains

Photo *C.P.Ry.*

LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

This is one of the most popular pleasure resorts in the Rockies. The clearness and colourings of the lake are its great charm. The snow-capped mountains are reflected clearly in its water.

of Abraham, whereon, in 1759, the decisive struggle took place between the aforementioned French soldier and Wolfe. The spot where the English General died is marked by a shaft bearing the simple phrase : " Here died Wolfe victorious." As one reflects upon the vast Dominion added to the Empire by the deeds of our warrior, who always seemed to be more a dreamer and a poet than a man of action, there is much sadness as well as joy in the heart.

No one would choose to leave Quebec without visiting the well-known shrine of " Our Lady of Perpetual Health," situated in the village of Ste Anne de Beaupré. If you are " of little faith," it is well to ask no questions as you gaze at the statue of the saint above the altar. It is better to stand in wonderment before this scene of miracle-working power, and to appreciate the testimony to the virtue of the relic furnished by the huge pile of crutches and other artificial aids to locomotion left there by grateful beneficiaries who approached the venerated St. Anne with simple trust and faithful hearts.

Close to the site of the old Basilica which was visited by thousands of people annually before its destruction by fire some years ago, is the Scala Sancta, a small church which contains twenty-eight wooden steps, each of which conceals some relic of the Holy Land. Pilgrims ascending the steps upon their knees can be observed almost daily.

Picturesque scenery delights the eye *en route* to

the magnificent Montmorency Falls, one of Nature's most wonderful spectacles. They are one hundred feet higher than Niagara Falls, but are not so great in volume. Yet the impressiveness of the tumbling water cannot be exaggerated. The writer has never been privileged to witness this scene by moonlight when, so it is contended by those who have seen it, the effect is almost appalling in its grandeur; but he has seen it on a summer evening when its beauty might well be the despair of painter and poet, be the brush or tongue never so gifted.

The temptation to linger about old Quebec and its environs is wellnigh irresistible; but we must pass on towards the city of Montreal, that hive of commercial activity, as full of interest as it is of movement. The journey from Quebec would not take us longer than five hours, but we must take the twelve-hours' voyage by water that we may not miss the charms of the St. Lawrence River with its fields of green on either side, and its little islands dotted along its tortuous course. Glimpses of the life of the habitant, the French-Canadian farmer, whose days are passed in a health-giving air and in the midst of inspiring scenery, are obtainable from the deck of your ship. Contentment is the lot of these tillers of the soil. Happy is their family life "on de farm by de reever," and few of them would exchange their daily tasks for those of the city clerk, or the mechanic at the bench.

As we draw near to the harbour of Montreal we are conscious that the concourse of ships, great and

By permission *Canadian Govt.*

CLOCK TOWER, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

It will be recalled that the old tower and the library near were destroyed by fire in the early days of the European War.

small, indicates the existence of a huge centre of commerce. Vessels and steamships of all nationalities come and go throughout the season of navigation. The big cold-storage plant and the towering elevators, the spacious docks and the Custom House, the hum of traffic and the activities of men, inform one that Montreal is no mean city; that here, indeed, is Canada's commercial metropolis.

What changes this island of Ville-Marie has witnessed since Maisonneuve founded the city upon it nearly three hundred years ago! At the service held to offer thanks, and to solicit the blessing of God upon the newly founded city, the priest was perhaps only paraphrasing passages from the old Bible, but his words, nevertheless, were wonderfully prophetic: "You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God."

Maisonneuve was not unconscious of the dangers that would confront him in building and maintaining this settlement on the fringe of the red man's country. Fearlessly he replied to his compatriots who sought to dissuade him: "It is my duty to found a colony on this island of Ville-Marie, and I would go if every tree were an Iroquois." History tells us that soon after the first building had been erected, the Iroquois attacked the white occupants and would have exterminated them but for the courage of Maisonneuve who, fighting a retreating

battle almost single-handed, managed to reach the gate of his fortress, and so rest his little band and prepare to meet a further attack. The first struggle is reported to have taken place where the monument to Maisonneuve at present stands, looking towards the river along which he sailed to establish his colony in 1642.

There are many places of interest in various parts of the city. As we visit them, there is little to be gained by choosing one in preference to another as a starting-point. To enhance the anticipated joy of seeing the good things in store, however, an ascent of Mount Royal is recommended. From that vantage-ground a panoramic view of the commercial hub of the Dominion and the surrounding country is obtainable. How different, with the exception of the St. Lawrence, the sky and the mountains, is the panorama unfolded to-day compared with that which Cartier beheld when first he climbed the hill to survey the new wild country!

Whenever I visit Montreal, I find myself drawn to the Place Viger Hotel. It is not quite in the heart of the city, but the attraction of the French atmosphere around it lures me to this lodgment among the French-speaking community of Ville-Marie. In the cool of the evening I love to saunter along the streets hard by and listen to the musical accents of the descendants of old France sitting on their verandahs, or on the crest of the steps rising from the pavement to the front doors. Pity me not, reader,

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(1) CALLING THE MOOSE ON LAC STUART, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

(2) A MOUNTED POLICE PATROL OF THE NORTH-WEST

Frequently these men will travel hundreds of miles to track down a criminal.

if I make a confession. Duty has often called me from the Place Viger, but never have I left it and its environs without a sigh of regret that so long an interval must come between my departure and my next visit.

The Place d'Armes, around which so much romance is encircled, is now alive with the din of commerce and the whirr of wheels. Within a few yards of this restless square stands the church of Notre-Dame, a sanctuary permeated with beauty and quietness wherein the heart can be at rest, and the soul delight itself in peaceful meditation. Near by are St. James Street with its fine, strongly built offices, banks, and commercial structures; the Court House, the Post Office, and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the latter being the oldest building in the city. An imposing City Hall, destroyed by fire a few years ago, has now been replaced by another quite as imposing architecturally.

Facing the elevation on which the City Hall stood is the historic Château de Ramezay, erected in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Quebec. With the passing of the de Ramezay family the building fell into the hands of the Compagnie des Indies, a French fur-trading company. Later it became the property of the Baron de Longueuil, and, in 1770, it was once again tenanted by the Governors under the British Crown. Among the British Governors who have resided there are the names of Haldemand, Metcalfe, Durham, and the Earl of Elgin.

From 1844 to 1849 the Château became the seat of the Government of the two Canadas, the meetings of the Cabinet being held in the council-room until the seat of Government for Lower Canada was transferred to Quebec, and that for Upper Canada, to Toronto.

To-day the Château is used as a Historical Portrait Gallery and Museum under the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. The visitor is shown the room in the basement which once heard the clicking of a printing-press laid down by Benjamin Franklin. From that press sprang the *Montreal Gazette*, which is still published daily, and holds a high place among Canadian newspapers. On the walls of the Château hang portraits of about one hundred of the first French-Canadian explorers and navigators, governors and missionaries, in addition to British governors and other personages. There are also to be seen a good collection of prints illustrative of bygone Canadian scenes, as well as thousands of books, coins, pamphlets, manuscripts, deeds, and legal documents, some of the latter bearing the signature of the great Napoleon.

The cellar, the wine vaults, the large fireplace and ovens are all reminiscent of a bygone age when feasting was perhaps the most joyous event of the day. The hand-organ, presented by George III to the Indian Chief, Tecumseh, testifies to the Georgian method of diplomacy when dealing with uncultured peoples, and a pair of scales used by the Jesuits as early as 1682 for the purpose of weighing iron

at their Three Rivers forges, shows that these missionaries could weigh material as well as spiritual things.

McGill University should be visited. It is one of the best-known institutions of its kind on the American continent. True, it has not the glamour of history and romance about its walls, such as cling to the venerable colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, but it has a beauty of its own, and is certainly a beacon in the new Dominion, the range and power of whose light in the coming years no man can measure. Its founders might very well have said of it what was said at the foundation of Montreal by the good Père Barthelmy Vimont: "Ce que vous voyez n'est qu'un grain de moutarde, mais je ne fais aucun doute que ce petit grain ne produise un grand arbre, ne fasse un jour des merveilles, ne soit multiplie et ne s'etende de toutes parts."

To those who are interested in the evolution of Canadian industrial and commercial life, there is much to learn in this business centre of the Dominion. The large and busy harbour has accommodation for over one hundred ships ranging from three hundred and fifty to approximately one thousand feet in length, and has a water depth of thirty-five feet. Four large modern grain elevators and a spacious cold-storage plant stand at the water's edge. There are over sixty miles of harbour railway track and a total wharfage of approximately ten miles. Extensive and numerous factories, banking buildings, and head offices afford

some idea of the growth and magnitude of this commercial metropolis.

Short excursions may be taken from the city to places like Lachine, made popular by its rapids which inspired one of the choicest lyrics in our tongue—the immortal "Canadian Boat Song," attributed to Tom Moore. One may also take a trip along the Chateaugay River which passes through some beautiful and rich agricultural land. If the trip be taken in September, an opportunity will be afforded of beholding the trees of the orchards heavy with the celebrated apple called the "Fameuse," the colouring of which is so rare.

About one hundred miles north-west stretches the enchanting and picturesque Laurentian Mountains district, so attractive to visitors. It can be reached by the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways, each route of which threads tortuously through verdant valleys and along the banks of picturesque rivers. Lofty mountain peaks greet the traveller at every turn of the railway track, and forests of trees of many species are on either side. The summit of the Laurentian Range is 1400 feet above sea-level and is one of the most invigorating ascents that the visitor can make, besides unfolding to his gaze a panorama of magnificent scenery.

From Ottawa a trip can be made to the Gatineau, a tributary of the Ottawa River, with which are associated many French-Canadian legends and songs. It is absorbingly interesting to watch the

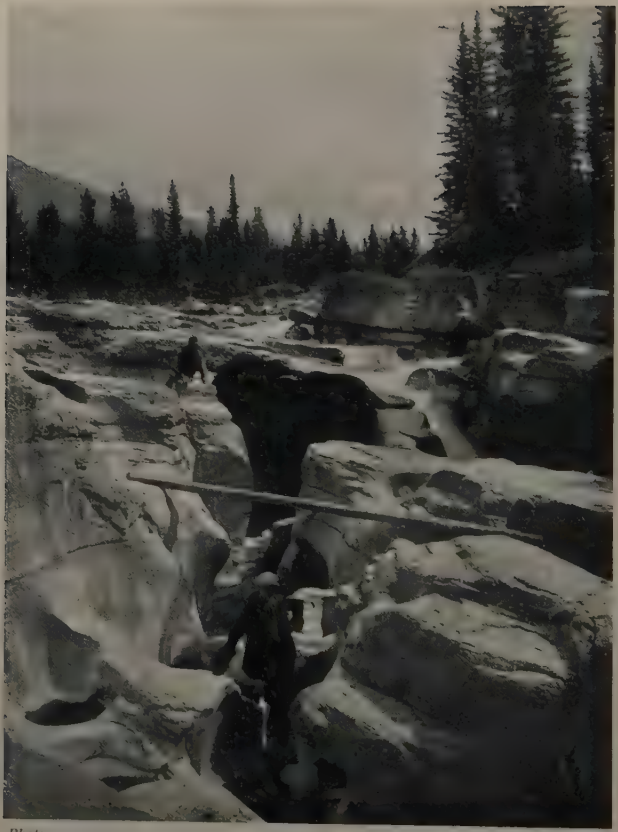

Photo *C P.Ry.*

MALIGNE RIVER, JASPER, ALBERTA

Attractive on account of the depth to which the river has cut the rocks into fantastic carvings during centuries.

huge logs hurrying down this stream from the north to the big mills in the vicinity of Hull. The banks are remarkably fertile. Doubtless much attention will be given to agriculture in this part of the province as the population of Quebec increases.

From Montreal we may journey to Trois Rivières, one of the earliest settlements of the province. It stands at the mouth of the St. Maurice River. Two islands in particular stand at the efflux of the river, and they are responsible for the triple divisions of the water ; hence the derivation of the name, Three Rivers. The town has a picturesque appearance when viewed from the St. Lawrence. It contains an imposing cathedral, a pretty boulevard, and a number of tree-lined streets. It is not without its artificial and dingy structures, however, the demolition of which would cause scant regret.

CHAPTER VII

ONTARIO

AFTER returning to Montreal we may prepare for a tour of our next province, Ontario. If a map be consulted, it will be seen that this is one of the larger provinces of the Dominion. Its area is estimated to be 407,262 square miles; its greatest length 1075 miles, and its breadth 10,000 miles.

For convenience, the province is divided into Southern Ontario, the older and more thickly populated section from the standpoint of settlement, with an area of 77,000 square miles; and Northern, or New Ontario, the area of which is 330,000 square miles.

The boundaries are James Bay and Quebec Province on the east; the Province of Manitoba on the west; Hudson's Bay on the north, and on the south the St. Lawrence River, the Great Lakes, and the State of Minnesota.

Timber and minerals are plentiful, some of the latter being rare and valuable. Vast areas of rich soil have enabled the people to develop extensively along agricultural lines. Waterways are numerous —rivers, lakes, and canals—and railways have kept pace with the development and opening up of new

territory in all parts of the province. Millions of acres of land are under cultivation, and immense areas are cleared ready for the plough. In addition there are vast tracts of alluvial soil in Northern Ontario, suitable for cultivation.

In a brief chapter it is impossible to include all places of interest, so that only the more important things to be seen in the province will be referred to.

Three hours' railway journey from Montreal will bring the traveller into the city of Ottawa, on the north-eastern border of Ontario. The " Washington of the North " it has been called, but there are no points of similarity between Ottawa and the home of the " White House " other than their being the seats of government of their respective countries. The city stands on the Ottawa River, and has a population of over one hundred thousand. Although a large proportion of the people are engaged in the Civil Service, there exist many industries which give employment to thousands of hands.

One of the finest hotels on the American continent is the Château Laurier, opposite the railway station and in proximity to the Houses of Parliament. From this hotel the tourist can quickly reach the places of interest in the city, the magnificent streets and buildings of which add pleasure to one's passage from point to point.

The Parliament Buildings overlook the Ottawa River which, in past days, was the scene of encounters between the adventurous Europeans and the native Indian tribes. The seat of government

is considered to be the supreme architectural feature of Canada, with its fine new and graceful tower rising majestically above the main structure. From the rear of the building one can obtain a fine view of the city of Hull, a hive of industrial activity when the timber and paper mills are in full swing.

Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, on the outskirts of the city, is mellowing with age. When time has given Canada an air of romance, such as the centuries only can give, this rather clumsily designed old residence will possess a glamour attractive to generations as yet unborn. Within its walls they will in fancy commune with the spirits of such great men as Earl Grey, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Byng, to mention only a few of the Governors-General of recent times.

The Experimental Farm, about two miles from the centre of the city, is interesting not only from the agricultural and horticultural standpoint, but also on account of its floral attractiveness. As its name implies, experiments are conducted in many scientific branches of field and garden life, the benefits and results of which are placed at the service of such Canadian citizens as may find them of value in their vocations.

Several artistically designed and well-groomed parks adorn the city. Pleasure trips may be taken along the Ottawa, Gatineau, and Rideau rivers which traverse a country of scenic charm, rich soil, and dense woods.

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

THE THREE SISTERS, CANMORE, ALBERTA

Rugged in character, and steep, these mountains are favourites with climbers. Alpine flowers beautifully coloured in the autumn clothe their bases.

Rockcliffe Park is one of the beauty spots of the city. From its fields and groves splendid views of the Ottawa River are to be observed.

Although the cascades of the Gatineau River are ten miles away from Ottawa, and the Sulphur Springs five miles, they should be seen for the sake of the pleasant country-side leading thereto; and the lovely Kettle Island Park, two miles distant, should not be overlooked.

Kingston, one of the oldest habitations of both the English and the French, stands about one hundred and forty-two miles from Ottawa. The student of Canadian history will find much to engage his attention in and around the city, as the ruins of Fort Henry still stand to proclaim the military activities of centuries gone. To this spot came the French on their march to bigger conquests than those achieved along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to be followed later by the English who were resolved to challenge the Frenchman's supremacy in North America.

To stand on the bank of the St. Lawrence River and gaze towards Montreal is to conjure up a vision of the French fleet of one hundred and twenty canoes, headed by the renowned Count de Frontenac. In the thick forests are crouching hordes of Iroquois wondering for what purpose the white men had come to their country. Here for nearly one hundred years the French military maintained a fort and settlement. The citizens are proud of Kingston's history, and the older men relate with much

enthusiasm many of the events of bygone days. They still point out the spot upon which Deonville, a successor of Frontenac, entertained the chiefs of the Five Nations, treacherously captured ninety of his guests and shipped them to Europe. Two years later the Iroquois massacred nearly all the white men at Lachine, and as they paddled away in their canoes they gave ninety yells to signify that the captured ninety accompanying them were to be tortured and killed as a reprisal for Deonville's treachery.

In 1758, Fort Frontenac, as Kingston was first named, was captured from the French by Bradstreet, thus ending the naval supremacy of the former on Lake Ontario.

In 1783, the United Empire Loyalists migrated from the present United States of America and landed on the shores of Kingston. Eight years later, Simcoe arrived from England, organized a new government for Upper Canada, and on the historic site of the French stronghold there was established the first legislative council.

Again, in 1812–14, Kingston played a further important rôle in the history of Canada, as it became the military and naval headquarters during the memorable war of those years.

The Thousand Islands, in proximity to Kingston, have a charm entirely their own. A constant change of scenery is one of the delights of cruising in the waters washing their shores, and excellent fishing can be procured in a bracing air.

From Kingston, the city of Toronto can be reached by water, and by the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National railways. It is somewhere near two hundred miles by rail. Its population exceeds six hundred and eighty thousand, and it is considered to be one of the most attractive cities on the American continent. It is built on a slope of land rising from the north shore of Lake Ontario to a height of two hundred and twenty feet, and occupies an area of thirty-two square miles. A fine view of the city is obtained from the spacious harbour.

Many of the streets are shaded by avenues of trees, more particularly in the suburbs, and fifty-eight public parks constitute the lungs of the city. The public buildings, such as the City Hall, the University, the Public Library, and the Legislative Buildings, are solidly constructed and architecturally elegant.

Although the life of the citizens is hustlingly commercial, suggestive of the restlessness of their neighbours across the border, the arts and sciences are prosecuted with an exemplary vigour and enthusiasm. The University of Toronto, in the Norman style, with an imposing central tower, nestles among a large number of trees of many kinds, each tree bearing a small plate with the name of the species inscribed thereon. The institution has many federated colleges, among them being University College, Trinity, Victoria, St. Michael's, and Knox. In the city are also McMaster University, Upper Canada College, St. Andrew's College,

College of Music, the Coliseum, and the Ontario College of Art, as well as a fine Reference Library, in the Historical Room of which are housed over three thousand engravings, prints, and paintings, depicting the early life of Canada.

Many of the three hundred churches of the city are beautifully designed. The twenty-storey buildings of Yonge Street, and the seemingly endless windows of the "departmental stores" are indicative of the strength, progress, and prosperity of the citizens.

During the last week of August and the first week of September each year, the National Exhibition is held in permanent buildings, and the exhibits are illustrative of every industry in Canada. Tourists who can so arrange their itinerary should not fail to visit Toronto during the holding of this annual exhibition.

A three hours' run by steamer from Toronto across Lake Ontario brings us to the Niagara River. The railway journey along the fringe of the lake is made interesting by the scenery through which one passes, but the water trip is a pleasant change in a country where the steel tracks are so long. The steamer passes through densely wooded banks on its way to Queenston, one of the historic sites of Upper Canada (Ontario). A few miles from the town stands the first capital of Upper Canada, Niagara-on-the-Lake, formerly called Newark, which we have already passed on our journey. There is nothing of sufficient interest in the town, however,

to tempt one to visit it specially, particularly as the lure of Niagara Falls becomes more and more insistent. Queenston should not be missed, even though a few hours' stay there may necessitate a return by road from the Falls. A landing at Queenston can be made, of course, before proceeding to " one of the world's wonders."

On Queenston Heights was fought the memorable battle of 1812 between the Americans and Canadians. Victory crowned the valour of the latter ; but their leader, Sir Isaac Brock, fell in the conflict. The spot whereon he fell is marked by a monument, one hundred and eighty-five feet high, erected to his memory.

A short railway journey along the side of the Gorge affords a fine view of the Whirlpool and the Whirlpool Rapids. From the windows of the Clifton Hotel can be obtained a splendid view of the Falls which are illuminated nightly from June 1st to October 1st. Here one can stay under the charm of the tumbling waters and the surrounding scenery. The Canadian, or Horse-shoe Fall, affords a more magnificent sight than does the American Fall, although the latter is one hundred and sixty-seven feet high, compared with the former's one hundred and fifty-eight feet. However, fully nine-tenths of the volume of water (twelve million cubic feet per minute) pass over the Canadian Fall.

The Whirlpool Rapids possess a fascination that is magnetic. They have many tales to tell of foolhardy adventures on the part of " proud man "

who finds an attraction in Nature's challenge to his prowess. It is nobler to confront such a wonder with astonishment than with a challenge.

Due to a sudden curve in the formation of the river the celebrated Whirlpool is formed. No less astonishing than the Falls and the Rapids is the rush of water against the impregnable rocks that contribute to the formation of the whirl. The immense power station of the Hydro-Electric Commission, to the right of the Falls as you face them, leads us to the contemplation of this vast undertaking, the ramifications of which extend hundreds of miles into Ontario. The salient features of the Commission are its birth, willed by the community; the administration of the scheme solely in their interests, and its operation at cost. The ratepayers of the various municipalities empower the authorities to enter into a contract with the Commission to supply power, and afterwards authority is given to raise funds for the local distribution system.

At its inception, the Commission bought power from the Ontario Power Company, but in a few years it purchased the latter's plant at a cost of nearly £5,000,000. Continuous purchases, and the erection of new power stations have characterized the progress of the Commission.

From Niagara to Hamilton, by Canadian National, the Canadian Pacific, or the electric (radial) railway, one passes through the lovely "garden of the Peninsula." In the springtime miles of peach

Photo *C.P.Ry.*

BOW RIVER VALLEY, BANFF

This is one of the most impressive mountain and valley scenes in Canada. From the palatial hotel of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. in the foreground a magnificent view of the valley is obtainable.

and apple blossom are to be seen; and in the autumn the rich colourings of the fruit and the acres of luxuriant vineyards witness to a delightful climate, the fertility of the soil, and the prosperity of the farmers.

St. Catharine's is an alluring little town with pretty rose gardens set in a picturesque park; clean, wide, and well-wooded streets, and environs of exceptional beauty. The Welland Hotel provides a delightful resting-place to body and brain before we proceed on the strenuous journey still in front of us, if we are to visit all the places of interest in Ontario. The St. Catharine's Well will be found efficacious in cases where the visitor is suffering from the effects of England's interminable deluge. The well has also been recommended to Englishmen by the inhabitants of St. Catharine's as an infallible cure for "grousing." Apparently the Scotch have no need of it, as numbers of them are living very happily in the city.

About thirty miles' travel westward will bring us into Hamilton, accepted by the writer as one of the most charming cities in Canada. It is situated at the head of Lake Ontario. Numerous industries have earned for it the title of the "Birmingham of Canada," although it would be rather difficult to trace the gun, button, brass, and jewellery factories, even as it would be a problem to find in Birmingham the clean wholesome air, the glorious mountain, and the transparent lake of Hamilton.

The Mountain affords an excellent view of the

city and Lake Ontario. It is reached by an inclined railway. On the crest of it are many fine residences, but not quite so handsome as those at its base.

The Connaught Hotel encourages one to linger in this pretty nook of "God's Country," and to mingle with a people who are the acme of kindness and courtesy. The writer must record one example of a citizen's generosity. On hearing that I wanted to see as much of the city as possible, to my great astonishment he sent his car and chauffeur to my hotel at nine o'clock one morning with instructions that I was to make good use of them throughout the whole day. My experience was not an exception to the general practice of the citizens when a stranger is in their midst.

Burlington Beach, about five miles in length, is a favourite playing-ground in the summer-time. It is only a few miles from Hamilton, and skirts a large tract of orchard land, in the centre of which is the quiet picturesque town of Burlington.

The inducements to visit other places of interest in Southern Ontario are powerful; but the good people of Hamilton and Toronto have so frequently told us of the charms of the Muskoka district that we board the train for a comparatively short run to the Georgian Bay, part of Lake Huron, which affords a spectacular introduction to the territory called by Kipling "The land of little lakes." Here one is at the gate of the land sacred to the Huron and Algonquin Indians before the coming of Champlain to the red men's haunts. You cannot

look at lake or river without imagining the spirits of the Indians gliding along the water in phantom canoes, singing strange songs in a strange language heard to-day only in isolated sections of the Dominion.

It is almost staggering to be told that this Muskoka Lake region, in the Highlands of Ontario, covers an area of ten thousand square miles of wonderful scenery, to the composition of which lakes, rivers, forests, and mountains contribute. There are said to be between eight and nine hundred lakes and ponds in the Highlands, as well as hundreds of islands whereon the deer still sport in the sunshine, and in the trees are singing birds innumerable during the glorious days of summer.

The main three lakes are the Muskoka, the Rosseau, and the Joseph, the former two being connected by the Indian River. That Canadians and Americans appreciate the peacefulness and beauty of the lakes is evident from the number of summer residences lining the fringes of the clear waters. Fishing, boating, shooting, and swimming contribute to the joyous passage of the days.

But how shall we bid farewell to our starting-point in the Georgian Bay? Are there not here thirty thousand islands studding the clear waters of the secluded channel? No, you decide to stay for a while to spend a few evenings at any rate in those tortuous channels, each turn of which presents you with a new vista. How many times you raise the oars from the water, momentarily forgetful of your

next stroke in the enchantment of the ever-changing scene!

A trip along the Maganetewan River is a delight not to be neglected. Its course is tortuous and conducts the tourist through many an avenue of overhanging trees, and past miles of grass and shrub and varied vegetation.

Thirty miles westward from the Lakes stretches the Algonquin National Park, a big part of which is relegated to fish and game preserves by the Canadian Government. Moose, deer, beaver, and other animals are cared for and protected from indiscreet sportsmen. There is probably no finer park in the world protected by a Government for the benefit of the country and people. Hundreds of lakes, rivers, and streams are situated in this densely wooded and hilly territory.

The Timagami region has become popular during recent years as a summer resort, but it is adversely influenced by the better-known Muskoka Lake district. It is reached by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, which line has connections with the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific railways. Lake Timagami has an area of ninety square miles, and contains over one thousand islands. Its banks are thickly wooded. Moose and caribou abound in the forests, and the lake is stocked with fish, chiefly bass and trout.

The extensive cobalt and gold mines are near this region. It is something of an anomaly that these rich mines should have given an industrial

aspect to a country wild as nature could make it, and wherein, for countless ages, not a human voice was heard, and where, until comparatively a few years ago, the echo of no implement resounded save that of the woodman's axe.

Thousands of square miles of this territory, being so thickly timbered, afford a present, and promise a future, source of revenue to the province. Everywhere the lumberman may be seen, and although his life is a lonely one, contentment appears to be his lot. His weather-beaten face, brawny arms, and merry whistle and song, inform you that not all of happiness is confined within the boundaries of a city.

On our journey through Northern Ontario, not the least of our pleasures is derived from a few hours among the Indians, who still remind one of the days when the " Six Nations " knew nothing of the Old World and the white inhabitants who were destined to conquer them, and to build on their soil a civilization that would become the wonder and admiration of all nations.

The Sault Ste Marie Canal naturally attracts us on our way to the head of Lake Superior. The canal was built in order to connect Lakes Huron and Superior, of which the difference in level is about twenty feet. Visitors are fond of " Shooting the Rapids," but this can only be done in safety with the assistance of an Indian guide. The canal on the Canadian side was completed in 1895.

The town of Sault Ste Marie has but a small

population. Large iron and steel works constitute the chief industries, in addition to which there are large pulp and paper mills, dry-docks, and ship-building plants.

After about an hour's delay in passing through the locks, the steamer emerges into the largest sheet of fresh water in the world, Lake Superior, 380 miles in length and 162 miles wide. Its area is reputed to be 31,800 square miles. The scenery of the coast is picturesque: it consists of rugged cliffs, high hills, inflowing streams, with a green and wooded background. Many islands are passed on the way to Port Arthur. At certain seasons of the year the lake is visited by terrific storms which beat the water into waves as heavy as one meets in mid-Atlantic in the spring and autumn. White fish are plentiful in the lake, and samples of them are warranted to tickle the palate of the epicure, if he will try them as they are cooked by the chef on board.

Port Arthur's importance is due to its geographical situation. It stands at the head of Canada's inland water route, 1217 miles from Montreal, and, in conjunction with the near-by city of Fort William, forms a connecting link between the prairie provinces and the Atlantic. To the fringe of Lake Erie big steamers ply, and when certain projected improvements to the Welland Canal and a section of the St. Lawrence River are completed, large ocean-going freighters will be able to proceed from the Atlantic to the head of Lake Superior.

As one approaches Port Arthur by water, the magnificence of the scenery, stretching westward, league upon league, and rising tier upon tier in an expansive background, leaves in the mind a picture which memory recreates long after the spectator has returned to his own fireside. But it was not solely for a glimpse of Nature's matchless work that the writer visited this part of the Dominion. He had heard of its wonderful wheat elevators, and thither he went to behold man's creation of structures said to accommodate over sixty-four million bushels of grain. Doubtless they are a marvellous testimony to the skill and ingenuity of beings who, according to anthropologists, centuries ago were (perhaps on this spot) incapable of doing more with their hands than to grovel for nuts in the ground.

Port Arthur has also a large number of lumber companies operating. There exist water-power plants, a pulp and paper mill, various industries, and waggon and shipbuilding plants. Evidently the district is destined to become a big industrial centre.

CHAPTER VIII

MANITOBA

AS we travel westward, the first of the three Prairie Provinces entered is Manitoba. Its northern boundaries are the Hudson Bay and North-West Territories, its southern, the United States of America, its eastern, Ontario, and its western, Saskatchewan. Before we reach the line dividing Manitoba from its eastern neighbour, we have travelled through a region which, from a scenic standpoint, is probably the most uninteresting part of Ontario, until we are about one hundred miles from Port Arthur; the further three hundred and twenty-five miles to the boundary, either by the Canadian Pacific or the Canadian National, are brightened by a succession of rivers and lakes. Two beautiful waterfalls are passed on the former route.

As the traveller proceeds (even though he stay a night at the lovely Lake of the Woods), he feels that the grandeur of the forest scenery is being left behind, and that soon he will be on the vast prairie of Central Canada. Mile upon mile of rocky territory is traversed, the trees become fewer and fewer, and physically weaker and weaker. In sections of the journey, however, one catches sight of healthier

trees and lustier foliage ; but the whole scene suffers by comparison with the beauty that one moved in a few days before.

A few paragraphs on the history of Manitoba will doubtless heighten our enjoyment of the province through which we are about to pass. While John Guy was founding his colony in Newfoundland, in 1610, Henry Hudson was navigating his vessel through the Hudson Strait towards the southern extremity of James Bay. Probably on the bleak shore of this bay his bones are buried, for his crew became mutinous, and they cast their skipper adrift. Two years later, Sir Thomas Button endeavoured to find Hudson, and although he scoured the western shores of James Bay, and sailed some distance up the Nelson River, his search was fruitless.

In 1619, the Danish explorer, Jans Munck, discovered the harbour and river of Churchill. Thirteen years later, further explorations were undertaken by Captains Foxe and James.

In 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company operated over the whole of the territory now called Manitoba, and the pursuit of the fur trade proved their richest source of revenue for many decades. The early operations of the Company were along the Nelson River. The ruins of their forts may be met with occasionally, but the majority of their strongholds have left few, if any, traces behind.

The traveller can still hear tales of the struggles of the early pioneers with the savage native tribes, and of the bloodshed resulting from conflicts

between rival traders in the eighteenth century. Old Indians indicate places whereon rival trading posts were founded at strategic points on the rivers and lakes extending from north to south, and from east to west.

If the train journey be unbroken, a run of less than fourteen hours from Port Arthur brings us into the heart of Winnipeg, the capital of the province. It is a modern city with a prosperous population. In Europe one is always impressed by the age of the cities; in Canada it is the youth of the centres of human activity that impresses us. Comparatively few years ago the present site of Winnipeg, at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, was peopled with only two hundred souls, so that its growth has been astonishing. Not only is it the pivot of the grain trade of the prairies, but it is also the biggest grain market in the Empire, as one may learn from the grain inspectors' reports. Nearly five hundred factories are in and around the city, to the majority of which cheap hydro-electric power is supplied. The municipality has its own power-plant on the Winnipeg River, seventy-seven miles from the city. The chief industries are connected with the production of agricultural products.

A rare sight is that of the train-yards of the Canadian Pacific Railway, more extensive than those of any other railway in the world.

Like many other cities of recent and comparatively quick growth on the American continent, Winnipeg has fine wide streets in its business

section, and massive public buildings, banks, offices, and departmental stores. The residential districts of the suburbs are adorned with tastefully designed houses, well-kept lawns and gardens, and tree-lined streets.

Main Street, once the main thoroughfare, presents a scene of activity from early morning until late at night. The City Hall, with its central tower and corner turrets, has an imposing appearance. Other attractive buildings in the City are the Union Bank, the Merchants' Bank of Canada, the Imperial Bank, the Confederation Life Building, and the Bank of Montreal, with its impressive columns, six in number. The visitor must also see the Eaton Stores on the broad and beautiful Portage Avenue; also the Union Trust Building, and the very fine block of offices of the Great West Life Assurance Company.

Other streets of which Winnipeg is proud are Donald Street, Water Street, McDermott Avenue, York Avenue, and Bannatyne Avenue. On the Portage Avenue stand the Hudson's Bay Company's stores, which should be visited before leaving the city. The pioneers of this undertaking, "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," would be astounded could they now gaze on this marvellous offspring of their initial enterprise. Nor would Charles II be less astonished than Prince Rupert. But things were done in 1670 that would be impossible to-day. No king would, if he could, grant to a coterie of his subjects a trade monopoly over a country as large

as Europe, even were such a vast territory now existent in a virgin state.

The Parliament Buildings is a handsome structure. Its architectural features compare favourably with any other building of a similar kind in Canada. The interior can be seen at any time by visitors, and there is no obstacle to prevent one's presence in the galleries of the Legislative Chamber during a session.

The residence of the Lieutenant-Governor stands close to the Parliament Buildings, but it has no architectural features specially attractive.

The University of Manitoba, built of grey stone, has a rather austere exterior. It accommodates a large number of students, and has several affiliated colleges. A new building near Assiniboine Park has been erected recently in order to accommodate the annually increasing number of students. It is situated on the south bank of the Assiniboine River.

There are several handsomely and solidly constructed churches in the city, two of the most attractive being St. Mary's and Trinity.

Across the river stands the peaceful city of St. Boniface. Most of its inhabitants are of French extraction. The town was founded rather more than a century ago. The Roman Catholic denomination have a Cathedral and an Archiepiscopal Palace, a Convent and Hospital located there, St. Boniface being the centre in which jurisdiction over the Roman Catholic Church of North-West Canada is exercised.

Manitoba

Less than four miles from Winnipeg stands the tastefully designed Manitoba Agricultural College overlooking the Assiniboine River. It is destined to become one of the leading institutions in Canada for the advancement of agricultural education. It is well patronized by students.

As we move away from Winnipeg towards the Pacific Coast, via the Rocky Mountains, we realize that we are traversing one of the world's greatest wheat-growing regions. It is difficult to conceive that a century ago this province of Manitoba was virgin soil out of which a few bushels of wheat were produced to feed a handful of settlers. So fertile did the soil prove to the early white settlers, and so adaptable was it to cereals, that "Manitoba Hard Wheat" has become famous the world over. The production of this particular grain has grown very rapidly during the last few decades. In 1876, only eight hundred and fifty-seven bushels of wheat were exported; forty years later the exports were nearly one hundred million bushels. The adjoining province of Saskatchewan surpasses Manitoba in the quantity of wheat raised, but the latter is still a most important producer of that cereal.

If the reader should be fortunate enough to cross the province in harvest-time, such a vista of golden grain will confront him as cannot be seen in any other part of the world. Here stretches for hundreds of miles the great land of promise to thousands who have left the thickly populated countries of the old world to begin a new life in a new world. Hope has

sprung afresh in many a despondent soul occupying the quarter-sections which one sees on every hand. The soil and climate are so gracious to the farmer that he may anticipate annually a harvest more than commensurate with the labour expended on its production.

Agriculture is prosecuted on an enormous scale. In the spring and autumn it is a common sight to observe four or six horses (frequently a greater number) yoked to the plough, or to the reaper, as the case may be, although each year there is observable an increasing tendency to substitute modern mechanical implements for the time-honoured ones. The flashing reels of the binders may be seen in perpetual motion from daylight until dark, and frequently throughout the night. Hundreds of men are located in convenient positions on the prairie, and very hard they work at the task of stooking. Then follows the hum of the thresher filling the air with a fascinating drone that can be heard miles away. At night, too, you may often find the work proceeding under the glare of burning straw, for it is seldom profitable to transport the latter to the distant populated centres of consumption in Eastern Canada.

Throughout the wheat-growing region of Manitoba there may be observed along the railway rows of elevators, to which the farmers bring their grain either in bulk or in sacks. The roads are scenes of bustling activity when the waggons, drawn by two, three, or four horses, as well as mechanical vehicles,

convey their cargoes for inspection, grading, and storing in the elevators.

In addition to wheat, there are also produced extensively in the province barley, oats, and rye, whilst the yield of flax in a year has reached as much as two and a half million bushels.

It is with relief that we catch sight of Portage-la-Prairie, an old farming centre. The soil is very rich in this district. In no part of Canada have such heavy yields of wheat per acre been produced. It is recognized as a wheat market of much importance, and quite a number of flour mills are in operation.

Twelve miles from Portage-la-Prairie town is Lake Manitoba, one hundred miles in length. Excellent grouse and duck shooting-grounds exist at its southern end.

Still moving farther westward, the prairie unfolds itself, revealing a varied, if unattractive, expanse. Nevertheless, there is always sufficient to interest us until we reach the town of Brandon, with a thrifty and optimistic population of about sixteen thousand. Its streets are well constructed, and the town has substantially built stores, offices, banks, churches, and schools. It stands on the side of a hill, at the foot of which runs the Assiniboine River. Good farming land surrounds it. Close to the town is located a good Government experimental farm. It has long been realized that the soil and climate of this region are eminently suitable for grain-growing, and there can be little doubt that in the coming years Brandon will be the

centre of a large agricultural territory. The outbreak of hostilities in Europe in 1914 checked the flow of emigrants to this fertile area, but we may expect reasonably in the near future an awakening of interest among farmers seeking new land, and the call of this promising soil will certainly not pass unheeded.

The sportsman who is fond of shooting feathered game will not be disappointed in the birds of Manitoba. The farther he goes north, between Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipegosis, the better will be the sport he is likely to get.

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

THE GHOST GLACIER, MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ALBERTA

A party of girls ski-ing in August.

CHAPTER IX

SASKATCHEWAN

FROM Manitoba we pass into the middle prairie province of Saskatchewan. It is the wheat province *par excellence* on account of its rich alluvial land which contributes so magnificently to the Dominion's total annual harvest of that grain. Over ten million acres are assigned to the production of wheat. For hundreds of miles the traveller may journey in the " Fall " through golden corn rippling in the light and shade of the setting sun, or glinting in the heat of the sun at its meridian. The province is, and doubtless always will be, devoted to the agricultural industry. Its clay beds and pulp-wood forests in the north will be developed in due course, but it is hardly likely that either mining or manufacturing will assume large proportions for several decades.

The area of the province is over two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, a big proportion of which is capable of cultivation. Its development has been rapid and the growth of the population marked during the past few decades. The cities and towns have grown in number, and villages are continually

springing into existence. There are some thousands of miles of railway track, and leagues of telephone and telegraph wires, Government owned and operated, and also thousands of miles of semi-private wires stretching from one end of the province to the other.

A few years ago not more than a dozen branches of Canadian banks existed, but to-day there are hundreds, and the number increases each succeeding year.

Public Schools, High Schools, and Collegiate Institutes are numerous, and are modern in every respect. The University of Sackatchewan is architecturally attractive, and enjoys a fine reputation among the agricultural community.

The climate of the province in the summer and autumn is ideal. A testimony to its salubrity is the fact that it has the lowest death-rate of any province in the Dominion. The sunshine is invariably brilliant and continuous all the year round, and when heat is oppressive on the North American continent generally there are cool breezes blowing across this region of the prairies.

Regina, the capital, is situated nearly half-way across the province. It has a thriving population, and constitutes the most important commercial and distributing centre of the province. Quite a number of small factories are in operation, although the people are mainly engaged in some branch or other of the agricultural industry.

The Legislative Buildings look imposing, set in a

park of about one hundred and sixty acres, on the verge of Wascana Lake. A relic of interest may be seen in the Parliamentary Library, namely, the table around which sat the Fathers of Confederation at Quebec in 1864. In the Roman Catholic Archbishop's possession is the chair in which sat the first Bishop of New France in the seventeenth century, Laval, after whom the famous University in Quebec was named.

Here is the main western station of the Mounted Police, the watch-dogs of the prairies. Criminals fear these guardians of the peace far more than they fear any other arm of the law in North America. However far north a criminal may travel, or into whatever hiding-place he may crouch, he is certain to be captured ultimately by these men of iron wills and strong physique.

As one moves in and around Regina, and mingles with the people, it comes as a surprise to discover so many Americans engaged in agriculture. Thousands of farmers, during recent years, have migrated from the States of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Illinois, and Iowa, whilst a few hundreds have also migrated from Nebraska and Kansas. This exodus to the prairie provinces of Canada is accounted for by the impoverishment of American soil, and the impossibility of extension by the American farmer who has to provide land for his sons, the land adjacent to his own farm usually being already occupied. It is cheaper to cultivate the virgin soil of Canada than to continue the fertilization of soil in the

United States that has been worked for several decades.

In addition to the cultivation of wheat, one notices, as the writer did after an absence of a few years, considerable expansion of mixed-farming. Dairying is becoming more and more important, although the farmers are handicapped not a little by the paucity of demand, their farms being situated so far from the populated centres of consumption. As the prairie provinces develop, however, there is certain to be an extension of butter and cheese factories, as the fodder produced on the soil is capable of yielding milk more excellent in quality than that of some of the eastern provinces.

Big herds of cattle are to be seen in parts of the province, most of which are fed for the beef market. One can also observe quite large flocks of sheep, Oxfords, Shropshires, and Leicesters. Horse-ranches do not appear to be numerous, but the types bred and reared are first-class, and frequently carry off some of the highest prizes in Canada and the United States.

Moose Jaw is approximately forty miles west of Regina, but there is not much of interest in the town to detain the visitor. A large elevator has been built there by the Federal Government, and the city is becoming an important milling centre.

Three hundred miles north of Moose Jaw is the city of Saskatoon, situated on the South Saskatchewan River, in the midst of one of the world's

Photo *C.P.Ry.*

VANCOUVER, B.C.

A part of the wholesale section of Vancouver with the bay and mountains in the distance. This is Canada's western port from which liners proceed to China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand.

greatest wheat belts. It serves as a distributing centre for thousands of square miles of territory. The University of Saskatchewan is set in lovely grounds of one thousand acres in extent, and it has some hundreds of students within its walls. A good view of the city can be had from University Bridge spanning the South Saskatchewan River. The people are prosperous and contented. There are good schools, hospitals, a municipal water system, street railway and electric-lighting plant. The Dominion Government has constructed a big grain elevator near the city, and close to it is the big plant of the Quaker Oats Company, Ltd., of Chicago.

Farther north, on the North Saskatchewan River, is the thriving little town of Prince Albert, a depot of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Fur traders and lumbermen are very active here, for northward are herds of fur-bearing animals and thousands of square miles of timber. The fur traders will tell you of the grand scenery of the Churchill River, and of the Rapid Falls on Rapid River, where the water, which is one hundred feet wide, leaps fifty feet into a rocky chasm with walls seventy feet high. Minerals are plentiful and numerous, such as iron, coal, silica sand, limestone, and clay.

Battleford and North Battleford are farther west still than Prince Albert. The latter stands on the junction of the Battle River and the Saskatchewan, and although it is of comparatively recent foundation

it is the fifth city of importance in the province. All around is rich agricultural land. Each year witnesses the growth of population in these promising agricultural regions of Saskatchewan. The soil is fertile, and its fame is spreading among the farmers of the United States, many of whom trek northwards annually to farm in the new western lands of the premier wheat-growing province.

As one travels across the great wheat belt of Saskatchewan, as well as that of Manitoba, one cannot fail to exhibit an interest in these agricultural pioneers and their determination to win through in the great adventure. Doubtless the offer of free homesteads is an inducement to immigrants. All the public lands are controlled and administered by the Federal Government through the Department of the Interior, or its Immigration and Colonization branch. They are divided into blocks six miles square, called townships. Each township is divided again into thirty-six sections of six hundred and forty acres, and subdivided into four square blocks termed quarter sections. A quarter section is half a mile square consisting of one hundred and sixty acres.

The lands may be procured in quarter sections for the purpose of forming homesteads, such homesteads being grants made by the Government under certain conditions involving residence and land improvements. When the conditions of the grant are complied with a free patent is issued to the homesteader. Everything is done to assist and to encourage the

homesteader by the Federal Government. In fact, no country in the world does so much for its agricultural community as does Canada. Numerous are the Government's experimental farms throughout the Dominion, and the results of their labours, theoretical and practical, are at the service of the community. Millions of dollars are spent yearly on this kind of work, and there can be no doubt that the phenomenal success of agriculture is due to this paternal nursing. It also has a moral effect in that a knowledge of what their Government is prepared to do for them in the way of practical help encourages the farmers to put their hearts unreservedly into the culture of the land.

It is good to meet life here in the rough—it helps you to appreciate muscle and will-power. Here are the real builders of Empire, men who settle in distant untamed lands determined to accept the challenge of Nature in her rugged state. But a brief span of time has elapsed since the vast prairie lands knew not the foot of man ; to-day new towns are springing up everywhere, and man has begun his task of tilling the soil and forming communities on the once solitary and uninhabited land. Fine tough men they are, too, and not confined to British stock. Americans, Germans, Swedes, Finns, Russians, Danes, Dutch, and Italians have taken up their sections of land, and are working in harmony, no man jealous of his neighbour. When one leaves the province to pass on to Alberta, its neighbour, and looks upon the hundreds of

miles of smiling corn, it is impossible to say whether one is more pleased with the beautiful sight, or more proud of belonging to the Empire which these sterling men are so assiduously labouring to build up.

CHAPTER X

ALBERTA

THE literature of Government and Municipal officials in Canada, designed to advertise a particular province or city, appears to have been inspired by English examples. Or have the English municipal propagandists imitated the Canadians? We are all familiar with the catchy alliterative phrases—"Breezy Blackpool," "Sunny Southport," "Delightful Devon," etc., the adjectives of which are sometimes rather misleading. The description applied to the western prairie province of Canada, "Sunny Alberta," however, is in no way deceptive. Always the sun seems to shine in this fair land that stretches eight hundred miles from the north boundary to the edge of the United States in the south, and extends from three hundred to four hundred miles from Saskatchewan to the crest of the proud Rockies. This rolling land is more than two hundred and fifty thousand square miles in extent, and is well supplied with water by its rivers and lakes. Much of the land is arable, and much is covered with luxuriant grasses and merchantable timber.

The moment the train has acquainted us with the

province we are conscious of the character of the paramount industry of the people. We are in the land of the rancher. Though we may be somewhat disappointed with the modern rancher's life, we refuse to surrender to fact the pleasure of our imagination. The abominable type and crude illustrations of those scores of books published when we were boys rise before us, and we recall the excitement that was ours as we pondered over the descriptions of the deeds of those dare-devils—"Buffalo Bill" and "Mexican Joe." Shall we meet their successors playing the same game, and performing the same devil-may-care deeds? No, the cowboys are not of that breed to-day, although there is sufficient in their adventures and in their manner of living to arouse, at least, some of the joy we felt when we followed the exploits of the two historic characters aforementioned.

The province is made interesting by the undulating nature of its land. The valleys and the hills are continually unfolding their attractiveness before the traveller as he passes from town to town. The greater part of the Rocky Mountains is on Albertan soil, and as one stands on the side of a towering peak, it is easy to share the imagination of the Indians who believed that the massive range watched the plains below, and held back the evil spirits when they attempted to pass from one side to the other.

It is said that, of the vast acreage of land within the boundaries of Alberta, only a small proportion

is under cultivation. With so much virgin soil, such favourable natural conditions, and so excellent a climate, it is obvious that the province must become more and more important in the production of crops as well as stock-raising.

Half a century ago, the only herd of cattle in Alberta consisted of twenty-five or thirty head. To-day about two million cattle, horses, and sheep graze on the rich grasses of the prairie. The visitor who happens to be near a ranch toward the end of May will find a " round up " on the plains a most interesting sight. Parties of cowboys with boots and spurs, and the familiar slouch hat, can be observed in the distance " scouting " and driving in the cattle to the corral ready for branding and re-sorting, after which the cattle are sent to a market, or handed over to their respective owners, or turned loose on the plains again, as the case may be. No less interesting is the rounding-up of the horses. Here we may see some remarkable feats of horsemanship in which the " riders of the plains " exhibit the rare skill that comes from constant practice.

The rivers, streams, and lakes are as picturesque in Alberta as they are in any other province of the Dominion ; indeed, in some respects, they are much more beautiful on account of their setting in mountain scenery. The length of some of the rivers is astonishing, while the breadth of one of them would give the beholder an impression that he stood on the shore of a sea, were he not otherwise informed.

The Saskatchewan and the Mackenzie are two of the greatest rivers in North America. The former is composed of two sections, the North and the South Saskatchewan. The source of the first-named is in the Rocky Mountains Park, and that of the latter is in the foot-hills of the south-west. The two rivers traverse Alberta and unite in the centre of the province of Saskatchewan. Afterwards they continue their course to Lake Winnipeg, and onward to Hudson's Bay, approximately eight hundred miles east of the boundary of Alberta.

The Athabasca River rises in proximity to the source of the North Saskatchewan, and after receiving the waters of its tributaries, the McLeod, the Pembina, La Biche, the Baptiste, the Little Slave, and the Pelican, it reaches Lake Athabasca in the far north-east of Alberta. This immense lake also receives into its bosom the Peace River, after a flow of one thousand miles from the confluence of the Finlay and Parsnip Rivers on the western side of the Peace River Pass. The Athabasca and the Peace flow out of Lake Athabasca, and, under the name of the Slave River, continue their course to Great Slave Lake, from which they emerge as the Mackenzie River before entering the Arctic Ocean.

The Peace River is one of the scenic delights of Canada. Few people have followed its course for any distance. Those who have been borne upon its breast, three miles in width, speak of its wonderful fascination.

If a visit to Edmonton, the capital of the province,

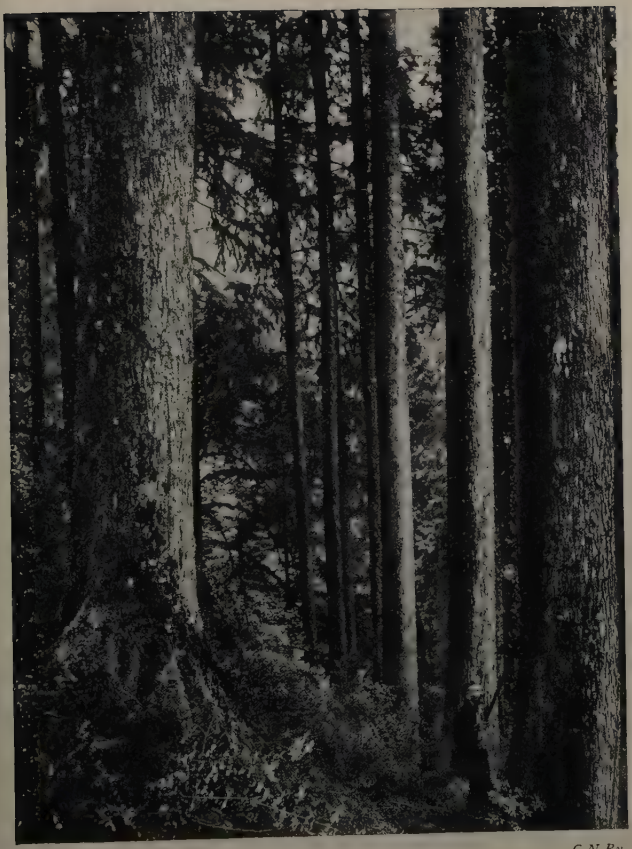

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

These are specimens of hemlock trees in the park. Delightful walks may be taken in this natural playground. Some of the Douglas fir trees are of enormous girth.

is made, the sojourn will be brief, for the lure of the Rockies will be upon the traveller. The city was originally a Hudson's Bay trading post. It is now an important commercial centre. It is pleasantly situated on the northern bank of the Saskatchewan River, and constitutes the front door of the Peace River district. There are a number of imposing buildings in the city, including Parliament Buildings, Post Office, banks, and the attractive Macdonald Hotel, owned and operated by the Canadian National Railways.

Moving southward, we are soon in the city of Calgary, a commercial distributing point for the agricultural territory around it. The streets are attractively laid out, and the buildings are substantially built, and thoroughly modern.

From Calgary to Banff is a most pleasurable run, either by road-motor, a distance of ninety miles, or by the Canadian Pacific Railway, eighty-two miles. The tortuous journey through the green foot-hills and along the Bow River introduces us to numbers of horse, cattle, and sheep ranches located on lands plentifully supplied with the succulent, long grasses peculiar to the province. Splendid views of the snow-tipped Rockies are obtainable from sections of the route. After fifty miles of the journey have been covered, it seems as if the mountains were about to close in on the train. The passage through the Bow River Gap is extremely narrow. The huge Fairholme Mountains rise above the railway track and river. Soon we are in sight of the lofty Wind

Mountain, more than ten thousand feet high, and the winsome peak triplets called Three Sisters. No better description of the latter could be given than that contained in the specially written notes of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's time-table.

"A remarkable contrast between the ranges ahead is noticeable. On the right are fantastically broken and castellated heights; on the left, massive snow-laden promontories, rising thousands of feet, penetrated by enormous alcoves in which haze and shadow of gorgeous colouring lie engulfed. The jaggedness of profile observed from the plains is now explained. These mountains are tremendous uplifts of stratified rocks, of the Devonian and Carboniferous ages, which have been broken out of the crust of the earth and slowly heaved aloft. Some sections, miles and miles in breadth and thousands of feet thick, have been pushed straight up, so that their strata remain almost level as before; others are tilted more or less on edge (always on this slope towards the east) and lie in a steeply slanting position; still other sections are bent and crumpled under prodigious side pressure, while all have been broken down and worn away until now they are only colossal fragments of the original upheavals. This disturbed stratification is plainly marked upon the faces of the cliffs, by the ledges that hold the snow after it has disappeared elsewhere, or by long lines of trees, which there alone can maintain a foothold; and this peculiarity is one of the most striking and admirable features of the scenery."

The attractiveness to tourists of the Rocky Mountains region induced the Canadian Government to set aside nearly ten thousand square miles of territory to be preserved as national parks. The Rocky Mountains Park is the best-known of the group, its present dimension being over two thousand seven hundred and fifty square miles. The park contains the following, among other ranges—the Vermilion, Kananaskis, Bourgeau, Bow, and the Sawback.

Banff is the resting-place of the tourist who wishes to spend a few weeks amidst the scenery of an immense natural park. The town lies in the Bow Valley, and is surrounded by lofty, majestic mountains—guardians of its peaceful seclusion. Like a silver thread the Bow River winds its course about the town, now flowing calmly—now tumbling over rapids—now leaping over a precipice, to fall in a delicate network of spray fifty feet below.

From the bridge that spans the Bow, one can command a fine view of the surrounding scenery. All around stand huge peaks set by Nature at such angles as give the maximum effects of light and shade, harmony and contrast. The lover of Nature lingers here feasting his eyes upon snow-capped mountains, playful cascades, many-coloured waters, verdant pastures, and health-giving pines, while he breathes a pure and bracing air. Hours of intense enjoyment await the mountain-climber, the geologist, the botanist, the huntsman, the angler, and the out-of-doors enthusiast. Canoeing may be

indulged in the summer. The winter carnival held there offers ample facilities for ski-ing, skating, tobogganing, ice-boating, and snow-shoeing.

The Government Museum is interesting by reason of the fine collection of animals, birds, and fishes contained therein. Other exhibits comprise Indian relics and specimens of Indian handicraft. At the rear of the museum stands the Zoo with its cages of wild animals, such as black, brown, and grizzly bears, lynxes, coyotes, wolverines, martens, foxes, and monkeys.

The hot springs of Banff are popular as ministrants to sufferers from rheumatism. There are five in number, the total daily outflow of which is one million gallons. Apparently their curative properties were known to the Indians centuries ago, but only in comparatively recent times have they been known to white men. The caves from which the springs flow are lighted by electricity, the picturesqueness of the fluorescent crystals being considerably enhanced thereby.

From Banff, one may visit numerous places diverting in character, either on foot, by automobile, or by train. Splendour marks the progress of the traveller to the summit of the Tunnel Mountain, which is close to the town.

Another scenic spot lies six miles distant, known as the Sulphur Mountain. The route is through pine woods. A view of the Bow Valley is, among all the scenes of the Rockies, a never-to-be-forgotten panorama. In the distance are expansive lakes and

Photo *C.N.Ry.*

AMETHYST LAKE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

The beautifully coloured water of this lake and the snow-covered mountains around make it a favourite haunt of holiday-makers and seekers of rest and health.

snow-covered summits, relieved by stretches of green vegetation, groups of trees, and brightly coloured flowers.

If space allowed one to write *ad libitum*, one would like to dwell upon the beauty of the Upper Kananaskis Lake and Mount Assiniboine; but only a passing reference to them is permissible. The Assiniboine, eleven thousand eight hundred and sixty feet high, is the highest peak in the park. It is very popular with enthusiastic climbers, but not until 1901 was its summit reached, although many had made attempts to scale it.

Lake Louise, which is six hundred feet above the railway station bearing the same name, forms a climax to the route through pine forests of gracefulness, grandeur, and perfume. In his book—*In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies*, Sir James Outram says: "I have travelled in almost every country under heaven, yet I have never seen so perfect a picture in the vast gallery of Nature's masterpieces. As a gem of composition and colouring it is perhaps unrivalled anywhere. To those who have not seen it words fail to conjure up the glories of that 'haunted lake among the pine-clad mountains, forever smiling upward to the skies.'" This eulogy was called forth by the gorgeous and ever-changing colours of the water that sleeps placidly in the heart of the encircling heights.

How magnificent are the giant-like peaks that soar above the lake! The broad-shouldered Victoria is 11,355 feet, the Lefroy 11,220 feet, the Whyte

9776 feet, Fairview 9000 feet, the Saddleback 7783 feet, Niblock 9754 feet, St. Piran 8681 feet, the Big Beehive and the Little Beehive 7440 and 7110 feet respectively. Almost appalling is the view of those peaks as one takes a survey of them; and the beholder's wonderment is enhanced by a glimpse of the white mist of avalanches rolling from the glacier three or four miles away.

From Lake Louise one may ascend the trail to the summit of the Beehive, one thousand five hundred feet above. *En route* are "the lakes in the clouds," the Mirror and the Agnes. A magnificent view of the district may be had from the crest of the mountain. Peak upon peak rises in the distance, each crowned with a huge cap of eternal snow. Seen at sunrise, or at sunset, the glorious panorama of lights and shades stamps itself upon the mind so deeply that the passing of the years cannot eradicate it.

Less than ten miles from Lake Louise is Moraine Lake, situated in an enchanting region. A drive in the vicinity of the lake brings suddenly into view the alluring Paradise Valley and the imposing semi-circle of mountains called the Valley of the Ten Peaks. The landscape itself is magnificent, its charm being augmented by the reflection of some portion of it in the still water of the lake. It is entrancing to watch this natural mirror as the reflected scenery, the lights and shades, are constantly changing, passing from glory unto glory of rich, varied colouring.

Other lakes abound in the same region, and afford many days of pleasure to such visitors as can appreciate natural scenery, " apparelled in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream."

If we chose to enter British Columbia by another route, that of the National Railways by way of Edmonton, we should make our ingress through the Jasper National Park. It is advisable, however, if the tourist is resolved to cross the whole of Canada, to travel westward by one route, and return eastward by the other. The Park has an area of about five thousand square miles, contains over one hundred mountains, and holds within its bosom scores of beautiful lakes, rivulets, and falls.

Jasper Park Lodge is crowded with visitors in the summer on account of its delightful situation among the mountains. Not far from the Lodge stands the Pyramid Mountain, seen at its best in the autumn when the multitudinous colours of the trees, shrubs, plants, and undergrowth are at their zenith. To the south of the Lodge, reaching towards the clouds, is Mount Edith Cavell, with its peak eleven thousand and thirty-three feet above sea-level. A famous glacier clings to its slope, known as the " Glacier of the Ghost," the title being suggested by its resemblance to an angel with extended wings. Other mountains visible are the Signal and Tekarra, and the snow-covered Whistlers Mountain, so called because of the hundreds of whistling marmots that make their home thereon.

About twelve miles from the Lodge is the remark-

able Maligne Cañon, one mile in length, and two hundred feet deep. In order that visitors may obtain effective views, several bridges span the cañon, one of which stretches in front of an enchanting cascade having a fall of more than seventy feet.

Tourists who prefer to enter British Columbia by way of Jasper Park will be delighted with the expansive panorama unfolded as they move forward through the peaceful Miette River Valley and the Yellowhead Pass.

CHAPTER XI

BRITISH COLUMBIA

IF in the later paragraphs of the preceding chapter we have trodden occasionally upon the soil of British Columbia in our survey of some of the National Parks, or gazed, from some peak of the Rockies, upon an attractive view of the far-west province, we make no apology. After all, the charms of the great range are about equally distributed between the two provinces which they divide, so that we need concern ourselves but little with territorial divisions.

It is worthy of note, however, if we are travelling by the Canadian Pacific Railway, that the Great Divide is crossed as we pass from the Rocky Mountains Park to Yoho Park down a steep seven miles of sloping land. Some energetic tourists will leave the train at Hector, and tramp the seven miles separating that town from the town of Field. They are amply rewarded by the gorgeous scenery outspread before them. In spite of the short journey through a few tunnels, one can observe from the train the beauty of the Yoho Valley with its imposing gorge and vast fields of glimmering ice.

In the Yoho Valley, close to the Takakkaw Falls, stands the Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp where one

can be comfortably accommodated during a tour of the surrounding district. An evening spent here in the heart of the vast and silent valley will not easily fade from the memory. Nature at the meridian of its splendour and at the zenith of its silence is not an exaggerated description of this wonderful valley at eventide. "This valley of enormous trees," writes a well-known author, "spiring up from unseen gorges to wellnigh unseen heights; of cataracts that fall in foam a thousand feet; of massed innumerable glaciers; this valley into which it seems you could drop all Switzerland and still look down, is not easily overpraised. The difficulty is to praise it adequately."

The entire road that winds through the valley is characterized by scene after scene of grandeur and beauty. The waters of the Kicking-Horse leap and tumble in mad delight from rock to rock; nor is the delight less, but only changed, when they embrace the waters of the Yoho to form a gently flowing cascade known as "the meeting of the waters."

A short drive, or walk, across the tortuous "switchback" with its towering cliffs and gaunt chasm, and then we are confronted by the "wild cataract," the Takakkaw Falls. Over a precipice the torrent leaps on its journey of nearly two thousand feet to the dark water of the Yoho River.

Another delightful spot in the vicinity that should be visited is the Emerald Lake, so named on account of its many shades of green. It is surrounded by green trees that have stood for generations in the

silence of the mountains, sharing their greenness with the expanse of water at their feet.

Near the town of Field, mountain-climbers may indulge their tastes. There are Mount Stephen, Mount Vaux, Mount Chancellor, and Mount Goodsir, all of which exceed ten thousand feet in height. Excellent views of land and lake are obtainable, whilst the scientific mind may indulge itself among the rare fossils and the beauteous blue sodalite of the Ice River Valley.

From Yoho Park to Glacier Park is but a short run across the trench of the Rockies. Here one begins to catch something of the beauty of the Selkirk Mountains, the valleys of which are studded with hemlock, fir, cedar, and spruce trees, their dark green leaves contrasting strangely with the white mountain tops and the spacious blue above them. Tourists who resolve to visit this district will be amply rewarded not only by the imposing mountain scenery, but also by the beauty of the verdant valley of Illecillewaet. A lovely cascade, one thousand two hundred feet high, resounds through the glen, and near-by is another "meeting of the waters" formed by two swiftly running streams, the Asulkau and the Illecillewaet.

The Illecillewaet Glacier never fails to captivate the beholder by its brilliant whiteness. It falls from the snowfield bearing the same name; the drop to the base exceeds three thousand six hundred feet. Fine views of it may be gained from the old Glacier House and from the Cascade Summer House.

In this region, so attractive is the mountain scenery, so diverse are the landscapes, and so alluring the colourings of the valleys that only a poet could command the language wherewith to describe them.

A popular trail not to be missed while in the Selkirks leads to the celebrated Cougar Caves. Those who have visited the caves speak of the climb as an undertaking for none but physically strong men. But if the task be strenuous, great is the reward of strength so expended. The trail passes through valley and woodland by mountains and cascades of rare beauty. Ferns, mosses, vegetable growths, shrubs, and enormous trees are outspread on every hand. Meadows upon which the mountain sheep browse are gorgeously green, their brightness being in no small measure due to the brightness of the sky, the long white ribbons of snow on the slopes of the mountains, and the blue mists of the valleys.

The caves owe their formation and their beauty to the Cougar River, a stream winding and tumbling and roaring mysteriously through the bowels of the hills. For innumerable centuries it has been boring and grinding to form the wonderful sculptured designs of the caves. A graphic description of the ten thousand feet of cave corridors so far explored is given by Mr. Frank Yeigh in his book *The Heart of Canada.*

"The sublimity of the place," he writes, "is beyond description. The flash of a Bengal light, or the burning of a magnesium wire, thrusts back,

temporarily, the bands of blackness, unveiling the weird witchery of the cavern, showing up vividly the white marble streaks in the rock cracks, revealing the comparatively few baby stalactites that will need a few more æons before reaching a respectable length, and showing as well the uncanny imitations in limestone incrustations of human faces and animals, of birds and fish and flowers. A natural carving of a horse's head with an alligator's tail may be succeeded by strange serpentine forms of uncouth gargoyles. It is a stone-sculptured zoo."

Mount Revelstoke Park, which has an area of about one hundred square miles, is a favourite spot for winter sports. It was here, in 1921, that the record ski-jump of two hundred and twenty-seven feet was made. From the park, on account of its altitude, many magnificent views of lakes, rivers, valleys, and mountains are to be obtained. The vegetation, the trees, and the flowers, make an earthly paradise of this section of the Selkirks, and the tourist should not pass from Alberta to British Columbia without staying here for at least a few days.

The botanist will find himself in a land of absorbing interest. Trees and flowers of many varieties are on every hand. The Lodgepole pines lift their crowns above river and cañon. The sternest and most changeable of climates has failed to kill the life of the hardy cones and sturdy seeds. The white spruce and the Englemann spruce flourish in the valleys, and even above the pines, those lovers of the air of exceptional altitudes. The Alpine larch, too,

is a lover of altitudes. In the autumn, its bright lemon-yellow leaves are beautiful to behold, their beauty being enhanced by their distance from the point of observation and by the contrasting effect of the surrounding green leafage of the pines and the scarlet shrubbery.

If the tourist intends to proceed westward from Revelstoke Park he will find Sicamous, a hamlet and station. It is situated in the north section of the Okanagan district. From Sicamous Junction a branch railway runs down to Vernon, at the head of Lake Okanagan, a distance of forty-five miles. A delightful trip may be taken on the lake to Kelowna, and on to Penticton at the extreme end. Here is the famous fruit-growing region of British Columbia. Apples grown in the orchards have won the highest awards at exhibitions in Great Britain. There are complaints among the growers that prices obtainable for their apples are so low that the orchards seldom yield a profit. Moreover, the situation of the orchards is reputed to be detrimental to profit-making, on account of the long rail hauls to markets in the east, west, and south. Against these complaints, however, one must set the successes of many orchardists who appear to be making a satisfactory livelihood out of their products. The quality of the fruit grown is excellent, and when the crops are ready for gathering the trees present a sight not readily forgotten.

Poultry farming is undertaken on a big scale. It is said that one hundred selected fowls will lay as

many as fifteen thousand eggs a year without artificial feeding. Of the climate and scenery one cannot speak too highly. It is conceded by visitors as well as residents that this part of British Columbia is a perfect paradise.

Travellers with the spirit of adventure may feel disposed to explore the wild and majestic scenery of the Cariboo Road, along the mighty Fraser River. This may be done by continuing the rail journey from Sicamous, past the Shusway Lake, Salmon Arm, and Kamloops, to Ashcroft Station. One hundred and thirty years ago Simon Fraser undertook the perilous journey down this great river, and having proved that it was not the Columbia, but a distinct stream, the river thenceforth bore his name. This voyage of six hundred miles was a marvellous achievement, especially if we consider the turbulent nature of the waters and the fact that Fraser knew not what dangers would confront him in his pioneer navigation of them.

A view of the river, almost appalling in its grandeur, can be obtained from the train as it passes through the gloomy Fraser River Cañon. The spectator becomes awed as he gazes down upon the wild-thundering waters from the narrow track on which his train moves. The river runs through one of the province's deepest mountain cañons, and as it forces its way through a contracted channel of the Coast Range, it becomes, as one writer says—"a seething rock-torn torrent."

Farther south are the beautiful lakes which may

be visited either as the tourist enters British Columbia through the Crows' Nest Pass, or as he returns along that route on his way back to Europe. Soon after leaving Fernie, journeying westward, the south end of Windemere Valley is passed. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the heart of it, keeping close to the Kootenay and Columbia rivers, up to the town of Golden, situated on the main railway track. Magnificent mountain, river, cascade, and Alpine meadow scenery stretches along both sides of the railway track.

After a run of about one hundred and fifty miles from Fernie, on the southern route through the Selkirk Range, we reach Kootenay Landing. A delightful trip may be taken from this point by lake steamer to Nelson, an important mining city with a street-car system, electric lighting and water plants, fine schools and churches, and handsome residences. Splendid apples, peaches, strawberries, and other fruits are grown in the district for export to the United States and Europe.

Along the Arrow Lakes one can enjoy twelve hours in the midst of scenery that no description could exaggerate. In whatever direction the eye is turned, towering mountains are to be seen in the distance lifting their peaks high above the smaller ones in the environs of the lakes. Snow-capped summits pierce the clouds, mists hang about the mountain slopes, and falling cascades appear like slender threads of silver as they fall down the sides of the hills in the ranges east and west.

At the southern extremity of the Lower Arrow Lake stand the mining towns of Rossland and Trail. The minerals in this region are plentiful and valuable. They are shipped to the United States and Europe in large quantities. At Trail there is one of the biggest smelting plants on the American continent. So rich in minerals is this part of British Columbia that it cannot fail to become one of the largest mining regions in the world.

Another beauty spot is the Okanagan Lake district, more rural in character than the Kootenays. It is ideal for fruit-growing. Peaches, apples, and cherries thrive remarkably well, as the heavily laden fruit trees testify in the season of harvest.

From the Fraser River Cañon a rolling plain stretches for about two hundred miles to the Pacific Coast. On the way to Vancouver one cannot fail to notice the change in the character of the land and scenery. The giant mountains, narrow passes, deep caverns, and enormous rocks are left behind, and we pass into fertile farm lands, quiet woodlands, picturesque gardens and wide pastures. Westward the sea comes into view, and in a comparatively short time the city of Vancouver, the western outpost of the mainland of the Dominion, is reached. After spending days in the heart of Nature in its grandest and most awe-inspiring aspect, it is good to reach this commercial metropolis of the west.

Vancouver is still comparatively young. Its growth has been wonderful, and still more wonderful will be its future, as it is the natural western gateway

of Canada's ever-growing western provinces. It will become increasingly important as the port of egress for Canada's rapidly developing trade with China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and South America. Naturally, as the population of the western provinces increases, its imports from the countries across the Pacific will grow proportionately, to the benefit of the port of Vancouver. The harbour is the scene of lively maritime activity. Steamships and vessels from all quarters of the globe may be observed frequently extending for nearly a mile along the water front. The opening of the Panama Canal enhanced the importance of Vancouver, as it provided an alternative grain route to Europe, a not inconsiderable economic advantage to the farmers in Alberta.

The city has a large and steadily increasing population. The business section has fine modern warehouses, offices, and departmental stores covering a large area. The municipal buildings and banks are strongly and handsomely built, and the streets are wide, solidly constructed, lined with trees and lighted by electricity on a most generous scale. The street-car system is equal to any in the Dominion.

The outstanding feature of which the city is justly proud, is Stanley Park, one of the most delightful pleasure resorts in the whole of Canada. It contains remarkable specimens of Douglas fir and cedar trees, some of which run to a height of three hundred feet. The base of one tree has been carved so that motorists may drive through it and

gain an idea of its enormous girth. The sylvan woods certainly look like suitable abodes for fairies and elves. Innumerable paths wind through them, and on either side are fantastic ferns and shrubs, trees and flowers. Through the trees one can obtain views of the sea upon which steamships, vessels, yachts, and canoes, especially the latter, come and go during the cool summer evenings when the entire population of the city seems to have congregated in its beloved playground.

One of the charms of Vancouver, to an Englishman, lies in its suggestiveness of the homeland. The climate is so much like that of England, whilst the gardens and the flowers therein might easily have been transported in their entirety from Devon or Cornwall. Even more marked is this English atmosphere in Victoria, which will be described later, than in Vancouver. It seems more remarkable when we realize that this commercial city has also an Oriental atmosphere. Chinese, Japanese, and Indians are numerous. The Chinamen run their laundries, and the Japs and Indians work in the fisheries, canning factories, lumber, and mining mills, and on the farms. There appears to exist perfect harmony among these various nationalities and the English-speaking element, although some resentment and ill-feeling were prevalent some years ago when British Columbia urged the Federal Government to restrict the number of immigrants to be admitted yearly from Oriental countries.

At Vancouver several delightful coast trips

present themselves. A favoured one is along the shore as far as Prince Rupert and on to Alaska, the land of the midnight sun. The steamer leaves Vancouver and takes a north-westerly direction across the Strait of Georgia. Vancouver Island stands out of the sea like a gaunt sentinel protecting the harbour. Thickly wooded is its coast and indented with numerous bays and creeks. Even in this isolated spot the smoke of industry can be seen, for the coal mines of Nanaimo and Wellington lie to the left of our steamer. As our course runs close to the land, we see continually some fresh landscape that vies with its predecessors for our favour. During our eighty miles' journey through the Strait we pass hundreds of islands, some of which are barren and rocky, others being heavily timbered with fine trees.

To the right of us stretches the mainland of British Columbia which looks almost too formidable for the brain of man to subdue. Yet beyond the gaunt cliffs and peaks men are engaged in the arduous task of extracting numerous kinds of minerals from the bowels of this forbidding region. Every inlet arouses our curiosity. We feel that behind their curtains of rock there must be beautiful scenery and a stage upon which some play is being performed, for there are Indian settlements in the locality, logging camps, and hamlets of settlers who have resolved to win through in the land of their adoption. In the distance are the imposing Cascade Mountains, the ranges of which seem never to end.

Photos *C.N.Ry.*

(1) INDIANS CROSSING THE ELBOW RIVER ON THE BLACKFOOT RESERVE

(2) INDIAN WOMAN ENGAGED IN MAKING SNOWSHOES

A few miles farther north and the Seymour Narrows is reached. For a time the steamer appears to be taking you into the darkness of a cavern. So high are the cliffs that you can obtain no view to the right or to the left, except their rugged sides and their long black shadows in the water.

The Menzies Valley, near the Campbell River, from the deck of the steamer affords a picturesque view, the beauty of it being enhanced by the long range of snow-tipped peaks in the distance towards the Pacific side of Vancouver Island. Attractive beaches, secluded coves and inlets, as well as small rocky islands are numerous as we move northward towards and through Johnstone Straits. The latter are interesting by reason of the precipitous shores that serve as buttresses to the swiftly flowing current and heavy sea. All along the mainland as far as, and even beyond, Cape Caution, the islands, large and small, are legion. To the left lies a fine hunting-ground in the neighbourhood of Beaver Cove, where the elk and deer are plentiful. The near-by rivers and lakes afford excellent trout fishing in the midst of scenery unsurpassed in any section of British Columbia.

A few miles beyond Beaver Cove is Cormorant Island whereon there lives a small Indian colony. The chief's house can be seen from the steamer. A large totem pole, fantastically painted and carved, stands before the door as a sort of guardian of his dwelling. An Indian graveyard is visible, too, adorned with flags and other strange decorations.

Still continuing our voyage northward we pass such a variety of scenery that we begin to wonder whether the charms of it will ever end. When at last we reach Alaska, which has a fascination peculiar to itself, we feel that we can never hope to surpass the joys we have already received, and it is with joyous anticipation that we make the return journey to view again the grandeur of the Canadian mainland and Vancouver Island.

From Vancouver to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, which stands at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, is a distance of eighty-four miles. The island is separated from the mainland by the Johnstone Strait, the Georgia, and Juan de Fuca Straits. Its area is approximately fourteen thousand square miles, its greatest length being two hundred and eighty-five miles and the average width sixty miles. Apparently the island was unknown to white men before 1592, when, it is recorded, Juan de Fuca navigated the British Columbia coast, summed it up as a wilderness, and decided to leave it in possession of the Indians. Captain Cook visited it in 1778 for the purpose of repairing his ships, and returned to Europe to report the favourable impression he had received of the land's possibilities. In 1789 the Spanish navigators attacked a number of British ships lying off the coast, and in 1795 Spain paid an indemnity to the British and left them thereafter in undisturbed possession. In 1792 Captain George Vancouver circumnavigated the island, and it has

borne his name ever since that year. In 1866 the Colony of Vancouver Island, as it had been from 1849, became part of British Columbia which, in due course, itself joined the Federation of all the Canadian provinces.

The voyage across the Gulf of Georgia to Victoria is extremely pleasant, as we pass through quiet waters studded with green isles, and behold scores of white sails on the fishing grounds as well as big ships coming and going between the East and Vancouver Harbour. In a few hours we are steaming up the spacious harbour of Victoria, soon to behold the magnificent Parliament Buildings. The imposing dome, surmounted by a statue of Captain Vancouver, looks out across the landlocked harbour. It is apparent from the gorgeous trees and flowers that come down to the water's edge that we are about to enter a beauteous land. As was noted earlier, Victoria is even more English than Vancouver, especially on its natural side, by which I mean scenic. The gardens of the city are famous for the beauty of their design and for the many and varied flowers, trees, plants, and shrubs which they contain. Plentiful are the beds of roses, holly trees, laurels, and sweet briar bushes, and many an English cottage-garden flower reminds you of the rural life of the Mother Country. The climate is salubrious, invigorating, and sunny, with a summer temperature rarely exceeding eighty degrees, and a winter one that seldom drops below forty degrees. One is not surprised to learn that so many Canadian

citizens choose Victoria as an ideal place for retirement in old age.

Beacon Hill Park must be visited by all travellers. From a seat under the spreading oaks there is a fine view of moorland going down to the sea. In the distance can be observed the snow-crowned Olympic Mountains, Mount Baker, and the peaks of the northern part of the island, all set in a panorama of scenic beauty spread beneath a rich blue sky. The pines and firs reach a great height, and their dense formation and clean upright limbs symbolize the hope of Canada with regard to her future population and the characteristics of her citizens. If the visitor is in need of exhilarating sports, fishing, or shooting, he will not need to travel far from Victoria to procure them. Automobile runs to the north and around the coast will afford much pleasure, for you cannot move in any part of the island and fail to find attractive landscapes, seascapes, and mountain views.

Those who have time to spare should not neglect Strathcona Park which can be reached either by automobile all the way, or partly by train and partly by automobile, whichever appeals most to the traveller. The Park covers an area of eight hundred square miles, and in it are numerous trails that pass through almost indescribable scenery. The best description of it is from the pen of British Columbia's Minister of Lands :—

"The chief impression is amazement at the profusion and diversity of Nature's wonders. The

Park abounds in giant forests ; sunlit lakes bounded by bold rock shapes and overshadowed by snowy peaks and glaciers reflected in their placid, sunlit, vari-coloured waters ; rushing torrents with deep trout-filled pools ; timbered valleys—vales of the giants—leading to deep groves on the lower slopes, above which are snow-flecked passes beneath noble peaks, majestic in their grandeur, rising with rugged edges and lofty spires ; lace falls leaping from white, pale-blue and green glaciers ; little lakes of blue and green and turquoise that sparkle like jewels set in velvet, some lying above timber-line in brown rock basins trimmed with heather and gay-hued Alpine flora to the edge of the eternal snows reaching down close to them.

" The whole area is a wonderful Alpine mass dissected by deep valleys, with rivers and lakes, Alpine farms, with a great number of peaks, ridges, cañons, and gorges. Various waterways offer routes of travel to the mountains, which are fantastically shaped natural cathedrals, with their crests topped with everlasting snows and great glaciers, and a marvellous array of colour in the Alpine gardens that grow on their crags, far above the forests which clothe the lower levels. High up the crags are primrose moss, white and purple heather, Alpine edelweiss, pentstemon, gentians, valerians, phlox, ranunculas, and rhododendrons carpeting the uplands to the edge of the snow-fields and glaciers."

Although one is immensely impressed by the great

natural beauty of British Columbia, and will probably in hours of reflection afterwards think mainly of her scenery, yet there are other things that will arise from the memory and pass vividly before us. For I assume that every visitor to the western province will wish to see a logging camp, a timber mill, and a salmon cannery.

A logging camp consists of a few tents, a cook, musical instruments, and a woodman's tools. For days can be heard the sounds of axes and the crash of falling trees. When the trees have been stripped of their branches they are rolled into the river nearest to the camp to float for sixty or seventy miles down to the sawmills. Great rafts are formed with the logs; frequently they are one hundred yards wide and five hundred yards long. The loggers camp on the rafts in order to pilot them safely down-stream to the mills. Arrived at the mills, the logs are caught by iron teeth, borne up a plane, pitched on one side, hurried forward on rollers, and then lifted by iron claws on to a steel platform from which they proceed towards a waiting steel saw. In a few moments the logs are barked, squared, and then urged onward by endless chains to be cut into the required lengths by two circular saws. Quickly they glide down a chute into the yard where men are waiting to cart them away and stack them in piles of many dimensions and of almost endless range.

A wonderful feature of the mills is the elimination of waste. Japanese workmen may be seen sorting

out the remnants of the sawing process, and placing them in piles for sale to householders; whilst the sawdust is conveyed to huge tanks thence to be sucked up by pipes and fed to the furnaces that produce power for driving the mill's machinery.

In British Columbia alone there are many sawmills. Their annual output is astonishingly large. In addition to the supplies of timber sent to Eastern Canada and to the United States, heavy cargoes are shipped to Europe, China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand.

From the Fraser, Columbia, and Skeena rivers are drawn the world-famed British Columbia salmon. So thick are the fish on the Fraser in the spawning season that the water positively heaves with them. Some idea of the annual catch may be gained from a visit to the canneries where millions of salmon are packed during the season. There are seven species in the province, but not more than five are of commercial importance. The chief is the sock-eye which weighs from three to ten pounds. Second in importance is the spring or quinnat, weighing from eighteen to thirty pounds. The cohoe is third in importance, and for canning purposes it seems to become popular every year. The dog salmon is usually dry-salted and shipped to the Orient. The humpback is the smallest and least valuable of the species.

A rare sight in the fishing season are the hundreds of boats that cruise the Fraser River. Thousands of the fresh salmon are shipped to Eastern Canada and

to the United States by means of refrigerator cars. The bigger proportion of the catch, however, is carried to the canneries situated on the banks of the river.

The canning processes are interesting. Machinery has almost eliminated the necessity for handling the fish. By means of a conveyor the salmon are passed on to an "iron chink" machine fitted with knives and cutters which remove the head, tail, fins, scales, and entrails. From this machine the fish are transported to a cutter designed to slice them into pieces of a convenient size for the cans. Thorough cleansing is done before the slices are canned. Then comes the testing of the cans, to be followed by thoroughly cooking in a retort. From the retort the cans pass to the warehouses to be labelled and packed for markets in all parts of the world.

Perhaps the outstanding impression received as one proceeds westward across this great wheat belt is that of interminable distance. Mile upon mile we shall travel on, conscious only of space on either hand. Human habitations are so meagre and scattered. Many a lonely farm we pass, standing in the midst of golden grain, far removed from other farms. The "trails" which we observe from the train appear to wind their course towards a far-off world. Far as the eye can reach they extend, almost appalling in their length and their loneliness. Flocks of birds cross the skyline, and are the only evidence of life in the lone land rolling towards the horizon on either side of the train.

CHAPTER XII

LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

AS the area of Canada is so great, and the climate of the east so different from that of the west, one naturally expects the social life of the people to be characterized by differences, even though they be slight. Especially are the differences marked in the new provinces as compared with the older ones. Moreover, there are racial traits to be considered, particularly those of the French-Canadians in Quebec in contrast with the English-speaking Canadians, both in Quebec and the other provinces of east and west. The temperaments of the two peoples are clearly different, consequently their diversions and habits differ. There is still a lightheartedness and gaiety in the descendants of the original French which is in definite contrast with the austere demeanour of the descendants of the Scotch in the Maritime provinces and Ontario.

On the Pacific Coast, so mild is the climate from November to April, that golf, cricket, and baseball are in full swing while skating prevails in the provinces contiguous to the Atlantic. The mountains of British Columbia form a barrier against the cold Arctic winds and snows that sweep across

Eastern Canada. This natural protection from Arctic severity, combined with the warm influence of the Pacific Ocean current, makes yachting and canoeing possible on the rivers and lakes at a time of the year when the inland waters of Ontario are covered with ice. Further, social conditions on the prairie are so alien to those in the older provinces that there is a marked difference in the nature of their respective habits and recreations.

Undoubtedly the most interesting country life is to be found in the Province of Quebec among the habitants, as the French-Canadian farmers are called. By far the greater number of the inhabitants of the province are engaged in agricultural pursuits, a lesser number being occupied in the sawmills and paper-mills, timber-felling, fishing, and in the factories and stores of Montreal and Quebec city. If one were disposed to study the French-Canadian solely from a materialistic standpoint, it would be difficult to overestimate him as an economic asset to the Dominion. He is a conscientious and loyal worker, and skilful withal, so that there is always a demand for his services. On the intellectual side he is studious, artistic, and passionately fond of music. He is fond of domestic life, and is happiest when in his family circle. He is loyal to his country and King, and is a faithful adherent to the church of his fathers.

One cannot stand upon the deck of a steamship moving slowly down the St. Lawrence and not experience a desire to peep into the lives of the

dwellers in the villages on either side of the river. The small houses, usually made of wood, white-washed or painted, attract you by their novelty and their setting among clusters of trees and by the side of lake or river or stream. The furniture is neither costly nor artistic, as it is often the handiwork of the owner. In the homes of the wealthier habitants, however, one may see both elaborate and artistic appointments, and nothing is lacking in the way of comfort.

The habitant lives a simple life. He is devoted to his Church. He is genial and generous. Contentment is one of his virtues ; and if he is not ambitious, he is certainly industrious. But for his contentment and industry, it is questionable whether Quebec Province would have become so valuable agriculturally as it has become under his patient and persistent labour. Englishmen and Scotchmen would have abandoned it long ago for the more fertile and remunerative lands of the prairie.

As you wander through the small towns and villages, it is seldom that you can hear any language except French. You may close your eyes and persuade yourself that you are in some old province of France. The churches are numerous, many of them being imposing structures. It would seem at first sight that the Roman Catholic Church is determined that not even a handful of these habitants shall be left churchless and unshepherded. The clergy are legally entitled to their tithe, and although this is often burdensome, the habitants, and indeed all

French-Canadians, consider it worth while to contribute to the erection and support of their churches. These edifices invariably have gilded spires, painted exteriors, and spacious interiors adorned with pictures and oak carvings. Religious festivals are numerous, and though serious, they doubtless constitute one of the diversions of the French-Canadian people.

In the older and more thickly populated Province of Ontario, as compared with the western provinces, country life is made more enjoyable by the proximity of towns to the rural districts, and by the fact that the farms are not so isolated. Quite large towns exist between Ottawa and the Lakes, wherein are excellent picture-houses, small theatres, Y.M.C.A. halls, libraries, local bands, and various clubs. In the winter months good concerts, lectures, and plays afford entertainment indoors, whilst out of doors there are the favourite amusements and sports on the ice, snow-shoeing, ski-ing, sleighing, ice-boating, and tobogganing. In all towns of appreciable size may be found an indoor rink where the rare art of skating is seen to perfection, and where ice-hockey provides excitement almost beyond the power of an Englishman to describe, the play being so fast and furious. In the heat of the game, when the supporters of either side are cheering their favourites to victory, play can assume a dangerous character. The last time the writer witnessed a match, he was astonished at the frequency with which players, temporarily knocked out, were carried off the ice.

However, in a few minutes they returned to the fray in good humour and high spirits, apparently accepting their minor accidents as just a part of the strenuous game.

The long winter evenings also afford ample scope for reading at the fireside, or, more often, in a fireless room, the whole house being kept at a uniform temperature by means of central heating. The literature chosen emanates mainly from the United States. It is seldom that one sees either an English magazine or newspaper in Canadian homes. This is to be regretted, as it prevents the Canadian people knowing Great Britain as it is, and of keeping themselves accurately informed of current events in the Mother Country. The Canadian newspapers, of course, have their despatches from London daily, which are always informative and well written, but it is seldom that they contain such news as would convey to Canadians the real life and thought of the masses living in the old country. Modern American novels are legion, and are usually of the sensational kind. Such English and Scotch novels as are read are the older classic ones. This is not to affirm that no modern English books are read; but one can truthfully state, I think, that ten American contemporary works are read to one English.

In the matter of home comforts the country people of Canada are far ahead of the country people in Great Britain, not the least of such comforts being warmth in winter. They look upon the old country as somewhat out of date with its warm dining- and

sitting-rooms, but cold halls and bedrooms. All the latest labour-saving devices are installed in the houses. Hydro-electric power being so cheap, electricity is in common use for domestic purposes—lighting, cleaning, washing, ironing, heating, and cooking.

In the summer-time the open-air life is chosen, and certainly the people make the most of it. In all the eastern provinces there are expansive rivers and lakes whereon boating, canoeing, and yachting are indulged in after the day's work is done. Fish and game are plentiful enough to furnish sport to all lovers of it. Many English games are played, such as football, "Rugger," cricket, and golf, and the young people seem never to tire of their own national game—lacrosse. Baseball is now very popular.

In the country districts of the prairie provinces life is rather monotonous. It is easy to understand why this is so. Only during the last twenty or thirty years has the territory been opened up for settlement. The occupations of the people are agricultural. The farmhouses are scattered over a very wide area, so that one farmer may be ten miles from his neighbour, and perhaps twenty miles from the nearest railway. In summer and the "Fall" agricultural shows are held in the larger prairie towns, and occasional visits to them form the chief relaxation of the farmers. In winter many of the farmers and agricultural workers, ranchers, and other breeders of live stock endeavour to spend some weeks in the cities as a relief to the loneliness

of the prairie. Every year, however, sees some diminution of the monotony of isolation. Telephones are installed in most of the farms, and the advent of wireless has come as a great boon. In spite of his environment, the prairie farmer will tell you that he would not exchange his lot with the farmer of Eastern Canada. He reduces his discomforts to a minimum and strives to make the best of conditions as they are. His house is well built, and it is well warmed in winter. He seems to be in love with his labours, and spares no effort to improve his land and add to his home comforts.

On the whole, life in the rural districts and in the smaller towns of the whole Dominion is healthy physically, mentally, and morally. The limitations of the social side do not prevent a thorough enjoyment of the things which exist. The churches contribute in no small measure to the social and intellectual, as well as to the spiritual, needs of the people. Practically every denomination known in Great Britain is found in some part of Canada, and the members of the Churches exhibit a keen interest in all that appertains to the life and sustenance of their places of worship. Church music is good; indeed it is excellent in the cities, and the pulpits are occupied by men of culture and spiritual earnestness.

Life in the cities throughout the Dominion is not sufficiently diverse to warrant a description of it in each city; but there is certainly a marked difference between the gaiety of Montreal and that of Toronto,

whilst social life in Ottawa and Victoria is assuredly different from life in the widely separated cities of Winnipeg and Halifax. Montreal is fascinating, and gives you an impression that its life is an admixture of Paris and London. It is a seductive city, whether you visit it in the summer or in the winter. The theatres, vaudevilles, picture-houses, and dancing-halls are centres of gaiety. Some of the best talent of Europe and the United States finds its way to the stage of the leading theatre, and in the concert-rooms may be heard periodically the world's leading musicians and singers.

In summer, within easy distance of the city, numerous summer resorts are crowded with visitors, but mostly with the residents of Montreal who have their summer homes along the St. Lawrence River, or in the mountains a few miles from the city. The Canadian dearly loves his rivers, his lakes, his canoes, and his yachts. Few sights are more pleasant than sections of the St. Lawrence at eventide when the setting sun casts its glamour over dozens of canoes gliding peacefully over the water. Or on a moonlight night, could any sight be more seductive than a number of canoes and rowing boats resting upon the river, the occupants singing either French-Canadian songs, American ditties, or twanging ukeleles, mandolines, and guitars, with an occasional strain from a violin which you know is so beloved by the French-Canadian ?

One finds it hard to decide, however, whether life in the summer is preferable to life in the winter.

Photo *Underwood Press Service, London*

THE "MONARCH OF THE FOREST"

In search of food during the winter. Moose are still plentiful in the unfrequented parts of the Dominion.

I sometimes think that the Canadian prefers his winter. If you should ever be in Montreal on the *fête de nuit*, I think you will admit that you have never seen a brighter, gayer, or happier crowd of people. As many as twenty thousand Montrealers assemble on that night about the summit of Mount Royal. Many are clothed in furs from head to foot, others may be observed in closely fitting blanket costumes, whilst the hardier ones appear to be indifferent to the scantiness of their clothing. You can see that all are intent upon enjoyment, and that enjoyment is enhanced by the sharp, clear, invigorating air of the mountain. The toboggan slide, the chief attraction, stretches from the crest to the base, and is illumined by powerful electric light lanterns. To one unaccustomed to this outdoor sport, the speed at which the toboggans travel is astounding and alarming. But the tobogganers thoroughly enjoy it, and apparently just as much pleasure is derived by the crowds of spectators, if one may judge by their cheers and laughter.

Huge bonfires are fed with scores of barrels of tar, so that the sky is aflame with lurid light. Rockets fly skyward, skiers skim past the flaming pile, and hundreds of snowballs are flung into the burning mass. The spills are numerous, as one would expect in so great a crowd of youths and maidens intent upon making the most of the slide.

Towards midnight, the fête draws to its close. Back to the city or to their homes the revellers journey on foot, by sled, by sleigh, or on snowshoes.

Thousands of sleighbells can be heard jingling, their enchantment being augmented by the merry laughter of young and old. Truly winter sports are thoroughly enjoyed in this commercial metropolis of Canada.

Club-life is a prominent factor in the social circles of Montreal, as it is in most Canadian cities and towns. In addition to the social clubs, there are semi-social and philanthropic clubs like the Kiwanis and Rotaries which do excellent work on educational, social, and benevolent lines. Nearly all cities have their Canadian Clubs, at which every visitor to the Dominion, if he be of any repute, is solicited to speak. This prevalence of clubs is doubtless due to the clubbable nature of Canadians who appear to be happier in crowds than in solitude. Moreover, the Canadian is a business man, and the more clubs he is able to join, the better known he becomes to men with whom he may have to transact business. If you visit these clubs, you must "talk business." It is all part of the life of Canada, and you must accept it as such.

Ottawa is peculiarly itself, consequently its life is different from that of the more commercial cities. It is the seat of Government, and therefore endeavours to conduct itself as becomes the maker of the country's laws. Sedateness is its characteristic, and this human attribute is at its meridian when the Governor-General of Canada, who resides in Ottawa, holds a reception. To be invited to Government House is to receive a social

hall-mark; consequently the citizens of Ottawa may be pardoned if their ambition leads them to covet an invitation.

Toronto is reputed to be the most English city in the Dominion, which may, or may not be to its credit. On the social side it may deserve its reputation, but on the commercial side the Torontonian is decidedly American. He is a hustler, and if there is any "cuter" business man in the United States the writer has yet to meet him. The people of Toronto are probably keener regarding intellectual pursuits than are the Americans, and in this respect they are well supported by numerous colleges, the University, academies of music, etc. Lectures in the winter are legion, in fact, so numerous that one wonders why Toronto is not tired of being lectured.

It is the boast of Canadians generally that there are no social distinctions in the Dominion, but apparently the authors of that boast have overlooked Toronto. As in every other community of human beings, there are in this city clearly defined coteries, and there are evident the same ambitions to enter certain circles just as there are in Great Britain and the United States. Snobbishness is absent, tact having been substituted for it. The home life of the Torontonian is ideal. He is an expert in the art of making his home attractive and comfortable. He is a genial host, and whilst he is more inclined to entertain his friends in town, on account of the difficulty of procuring domestic help, he likes to invite them to his table at home.

Life in Town & Country

In the summer months the citizens who can afford to do so, prefer to leave their city homes for summer houses on the island across the bay, or some of the many beauty spots within easy distance of Toronto. In the winter they are as keen on outdoor sports as are the people of Montreal.

In concluding this brief chapter on Canadian life in town and country, it is only necessary to state that wherever the writer has moved in the Dominion he has always found the cardinal requisites of human happiness, namely, peace and prosperity. Canada has undoubtedly a wonderful future, and her people have every confidence in their ability to do justice to the splendid heritage that is theirs.

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